

Birdwatching for Dummies by peterqpan

Series: [Harringrove Works \[20\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst and Humor, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington Smut, Billy is safe once Steve finds out, D/s elements, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, He doesn't know that but he is, Intermixed with general Hawkins BS, M/M, Neil Hargrove's A+ Parenting, STEVE FINDS OUT, Steve Harrington & Max Mayfield, Steve finds out right at the beginning and that's the only laying on of hands we're gonna see folks, i don't like writing it

Language: English

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Summary:

Hawkins is insane. Billy knew already, but it gets even weirder when Max starts making mysterious calls, and explaining them with *birdwatching*. As if that wasn't bizarre enough, Steve Harrington is outside his window, parked in his BMW, asleep.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For [hmarisa](#).

Scenes containing sex will have a horizontal line at the top and bottom! But it's...most of this chapter. The scene just keeps going, that's why the chapter is so dang long.

ALSO BECAUSE THERE HAVE BEEN SOME CONCERNS: Nobody's gonna walk into Billy's room hearing sex noises. They know he's a teenage boy, nobody wants to see that--and also, I'm writing it, so I know! XD They freak out a bit about it, but! They are safe.

Reality didn't work as Billy knew it, in Hawkins.

It wasn't just that the rich kid whose ass he beat didn't tell his parents, or that he didn't even seem pissed. Maybe, Billy thought, the head trauma damaged his *memory*—when Billy cornered him against his locker, he looked blank, then sloooowly nodded, slapping his fist in his hand like he'd come up with the answer to a difficult Jeopardy question. The bell rang then, and he pushed Billy away and walked off, waving over his shoulder.

That wasn't the only weird thing. There were mass *funerals* a couple months after they arrived—students, and researchers from the lab, and *cops*. Then the lady at Radio Shack burst in tears as she rang up Billy's batteries, telling him her boss was *eaten*.

She then stared into his eyes, laughing too loudly, and tried to cover with some dumbshit story about how he'd ‘—*overeaten, actually,*’ leaving Billy adding the two incidents together, and wondering whether his dad had picked the one town in Indiana run by cannibals.

He didn't spend *all* his time wondering about Hawkins, obviously—if he was in a horror movie, he'd figure it out eventually—but occasionally something bizarre would happen, and he'd think *Hawkins, you fucking ass-end of nowhere bullshit backwater shithole*. One night Max got up from the table in the *middle of dinner*, and he knew—obviously—she wouldn't get the shit for it that *he* would, but then she grabbed a *huge pair of binoculars* that'd been around her neck, hidden by the table, and stared out at the woods.

Neil just stared after her, his fork and knife in mid-air. Susan cleared her throat, hunching her shoulders, and asked, “M-Max, what are you —?”

“Heard there might be a Fulvous Whistling-Duck in the area,” Max said flatly, focusing her binoculars. They thumped lightly against the window. “...or a Western Wood-Pewee.”

Billy wondered whether she was possessed. Or a cannibal.

“I am a birdwatcher, now,” she said, which was honestly weirder, and Billy stared at her along with Susan and his dad. “...I think it could be a Fulvous Whistling-Duck,” she muttered, in the serious tones she usually used to try and keep her mom from interfering between Billy and his dad. He'd never heard her sound that vehement about *skateboards*, let alone birdwatching.

Billy bit his lips, regarding his meatloaf, but waited to see what his dad would do. Cold meatloaf sounded even *worse*, he thought, with a stab of annoyance at Max for acting like a freak when it was a pretty okay night otherwise. Neil leaned back in his chair, and everyone tensed at the creak.

“It's for *school*,” Max huffed, craning around, and Susan relaxed a little, with a glance at Neil.

She smiled nervously at her plate. “For—for school,” she said, giving a high laugh, like she was a bird herself. “Birds—birds wouldn't be considerate of, of dinner, would they?” She glanced over at Max, then at Neil again, biting her lips together as she shrank a little into her chair.

"It's good to see her working diligently," Neil said, their judge and executioner, and Susan laughed, a breathy sound of relief.

Max lowered the binoculars and walked back over—then stalked *right by the table* again on the way into the hall. Neil's tableware froze again, *nearly* lowered to his meatloaf, and Billy swore internally, listening to his step-sister *make a goddamn phone call* during the dinner her mother had cooked.

"There's a Fulvous Whistling-Duck out there," she told the person on the other end. "No, a Fulvous Whistling-Duck. No, a—no—no, a *Fulvous Whistling-Duck*. Just come over! Come now. No, the—the *big one*, moron—didn't you write them *down*?! The *big one*, there is a *big one in our woods*, and—and smaller—ones—just bring your *biggest—goshdarn—*" she hissed, dropping to a whisper, "*—binoculars and get your butt over here.*" The phone clunked into its cradle.

"...did you invite your *friends* over?" Neil asked, when she came back in the room to stare through her binoculars again. His voice was levelly amused, but Susan flinched, dropping her fork with a clatter, and apologizing through her fingers.

"Nope," Max said dryly. "They'll stay outside. We probably won't even hear 'em. They just...want to see the duck."

"It's almost *dark*," Billy said, finally, since nobody else was going to. Max ignored him.

"Do—do you need to take a picture?" Susan asked softly, like Neil wouldn't hear. "Do you want my camera?"

"No," Max said, and Susan flinched. "No, sorry, Mom. I'm just—just making sure I remember enough detail to mark it on my...bird report." She chewed her lip, shifting her feet, and dashed to the window again.

Billy couldn't see anything out there.

Billy cleared the table while Susan did the dishes—the perfect ratio, he'd found, of showing her respect without actually taking over a

chore he couldn't even manage to do properly—while Max hovered at the window, squinting into the darkness. She never did eat, which was probably healthier, on the whole, than eating the grayish meatloaf.

He went to his room after and cranked the music up as high as he dared, grabbing a Playboy. When he went to lower the blinds, he saw *Steve Harrington's car* in the street, with binoculars pressed against the window.

Where it was parked between the streetlights, it was hard to be sure, but Billy knew his neighbor's cheapass cars, and Harrington's BMW stood out. Billy waited for Max to head to *her* room, and grabbed her, dragging her inside to point. "What the hell is Harrington doing here?!" he hissed, and she yelped so loud they both heard the soft *thump* of Neil's recliner in the front room, and the squeak of floorboards as he neared.

Max shoved Billy back as he yanked his hands away, and then Billy's dad was in the doorway. "You putting your hands on her?" he asked, and Max and Billy both said no, shaking their heads. "...go help your mother," Neil told her, gently, and she sidled past him, then ran.

"I was just asking if that was her friend outside," Billy said as Neil turned to survey his room, his gaze taking in the overflowing ashtrays, empty beer cans, and dirty clothes.

"When we married," Neil said, "—I told Susan I'd keep her little girl safe. Safe and happy. Do you think she's happy...Billy?"

Billy backed away until his shoulder hit the sash of the window, and jerked his thumb at it, trying to hold Neil's gaze, and failing. "I was asking a *goddamn question*, that's *all*—"

"Sounded a bit *scared*, to me," Neil told him, conversationally. "You *scared a little girl*. Whatever you're seeing out the window, that justify that kind of behavior? Billy?"

"No, sir," Billy said, without meaning to, then, "—she was *startled* maybe, I didn't—"

“Why don’t you take a good look,” his dad said next to his ear, pushing him against the window so hard it rattled the glass, “—and tell me what’s out there that’s so...damned... *important*.” His hand came up Billy’s spine, cupping the back of his head and shoving him harder, so his cheekbone and jaw ached from pressure against the window. His breath obscured the glass.

The stuff Billy wanted to say—that it was *stupid*, Max pretending she was *birdwatching*, something else was *obviously going on*—sat in the back of his throat on a tide of acid, and he swallowed it back, reminding himself that none of that was what his dad wanted to hear. The window creaked with the force of pressure, and Billy’s forehead ached.

His dad’s fingers dug painfully into the thin skin and bones at the base of his skull, and Billy started to *cry* with impotent fury like a fucking pussy, even as he remembered, his stomach sinking, that Harrington was out there, and he had binoculars too. Neil’s nails ground against his *skull*, it felt like, and the glass creaked like he was about to go through it *face first*. With Billy’s eyes full of tears, he couldn’t see whether the binoculars in Harrington’s car were focused on *him*.

“Is there anything out there that makes this behavior acceptable?” his dad asked, and Billy couldn’t move to shake his head, so he cleared his throat, sniffing.

“No, sir,” he whispered.

“I hope we won’t have to have this talk again,” Neil said, patting his shoulder and walking out, and Billy realized he was just standing there furious and shaking, tears dripping down his face. He yanked the blinds down. The bed thumped into the wall as he dropped down against it to sit on the floor, trying to steady himself with deep breaths, and not *scream*.

Steve was still outside the next morning, one leg out the window, folded over his side mirror, the other wedged around the steering wheel. Billy did his reps at him, flexing his biceps to remind

Harrington that even if he *had* seen Billy bawling like a tiny fucking child, Billy could still feed him his own fists.

Before Max left, she made her mother promise not to leave the house, not even to hang laundry, with some bogus explanation that the weather had predicted sudden showers of *baseball-sized hail*. Billy covered his snort.

Max ran out with smuggled pop-tarts—you could tell Susan smelled ‘em, but she wasn’t gonna say anything—and Harrington disentangled himself, rubbed his face, and gave her a ride to school.

It had a *Very Hawkins Episode* feel to it, but Billy wasn’t gonna ask again.

That afternoon, Harrington was parked outside his *house* again, but before Billy could stalk out and ask *what the everloving fuck*, Max brought him *inside*. He stood smiling around like a moron, and complimented Susan’s ruffled pillow shams. Billy’d never thought much about them, but it touched off a whole explanation of how difficult they’d been to sew.

“I’m so glad to meet your friend!” she told Billy, who bristled, and Harrington shook her hand, introducing himself like he was *used* to infiltrating random people’s houses.

“I’m Steve Harrington,” he said, beaming at her. “I’m in Billy’s, uh, third period class.”

“He’s here for a project,” said Max, and Billy frowned warily between them.

“Here for that, um,” Steve said, like a genius, and Max glared at him meaningfully. Steve forged ahead. “The uh, the...geology...report. For class.”

“...the *geometry test*?” Billy offered, unable to take Harrington’s idiocy, whatever else was going on, and Harrington’s eyes widened in alarm as he thought.

“Oh,” he said, frowning at his bag. “Yeeessss?”

“You two can study out here until dinner,” said Max heavily, staring at Billy like she was trying to use the Force on him.

“Will we be in the way, ma’am?” Steve asked Susan, and she smiled back at him, her shoulders relaxing. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“Oh, no, a kid’s job is school,” she told him, smiling. “Feel free to use the table—”

At the thought of *actually* helping Steve Harrington learn Geometry, with witnesses, Billy chose the less infuriating option. “We’ll be in my room,” he said, stomping off, and Max and Steve both said “But —” as Susan said “I’ll bring you some cookies!”

“...she brings you cookies,” said Steve, following him, and Billy held the door open, rolling his eyes. “I want some cookies...” he trailed off, his eyes fixed on the padlock on the outside of Billy’s door, and Billy shoved him inside.

“Last family kept a big dog in here,” he lied, and Steve nodded very slowly, like even he wasn’t that stupid. Billy yanked the door shut and hissed “*Why are you here,*” as Steve walked over and sat on his *bed*, bouncing like he was testing it out.

“Uh, birds,” Steve said, squinting like he was trying to remember, and then getting up to pick through Billy’s records.

“Birds,” Billy ground out, his teeth clenched. “You’re gonna *watch* for birds. From my *bedroom*.”

“Uh,” Steve said, frowning back at him, like *Billy* was the one acting weird. “Can’t see ‘em from *here*, that’s why we were setting up in the *front room*. This, uh,” he smirked, raising his eyebrows, “—this wasn’t me trying to get in your bedroom, man.”

“*Why are you here,*” Billy growled, stalking up to him, and Harrington just sat down on the floor, flipping through records like Billy wasn’t standing there, fists clenched.

“Closer to the bathroom,” Steve said, shrugging. He didn’t even look up. “Told your sister I had to piss in a bottle last night, so—” he trailed off, his eyes flicking towards the window, and Billy knew he’d *seen*.

“Answer the *fucking question*, Harrington,” he said, bristling, and Steve snorted a laugh.

“Yeah, you’re gonna kick my ass right here, huh? In your *house*, while your mom brings us *cookies*.”

Billy flinched at the thought of what his dad would do if he and Steve Harrington got in a *fistfight*, and stumbled back. “She’s not my *mom*,” he hissed, like he was *five*, and Harrington raised his eyebrows.

“Cookies!” Susan called, knocking on the door, and he heard her rattling around outside. Once she got the door open, she smiled like she was fucking *proud of Billy*, bringing home a clean-cut kid like *Steve Harrington* to do homework. Steve brightened at the cookies—and *milk*, Billy registered, a tray with cookies *and milk*—with a winning smile, and Susan beamed at them. She surveyed them and waved, pulling the door shut, and Billy flipped the door off, mystified and annoyed.

Billy felt exhausted, suddenly, and he walked over to sit on his bed. “...the fuck do you *want*,” he bit out at Harrington, just as *Max* clomped in.

“Mom’s phoning Neil to see if she can invite you to dinner,” she told Steve, who looked *delighted*.

Billy wondered whether it was meaner to quash his hopes now with the reality of leftover meatloaf, or whether he should wait and watch Steve’s soul be crushed on a voyage of discovery as he bit into thrice-heated rubber tireloaf that night at the table. He kept his mouth shut, raising his eyebrows at Max, who shrugged, grimacing.

“Neil keeps trying to make her cook like his mom,” she whispered, pulling the door shut as she stepped in, and Billy resisted the urge to chase all these invaders out with a *broom*, like the *fucking vermin* they were.

"Get the hell out of my room!" he hissed at her, and she ignored him, taking a cookie.

Steve nodded slowly, picking up empty beer cans. "Never met a home-cooked meal I didn't like," he said cheerfully, and hucked a can at the trash. "He shoots, he *scores!*" he stage-whispered, and tossed two more, while Max got through the whole top layer of cookies like goddamn wood chipper.

"I don't know what the *fuck is happening*," Billy hissed, "—but why is it in *my room?!?*"

"We're, um, birds—" Steve said, frowning like he was trying to *remember his stupid lie*, and Max groaned.

"You wouldn't believe us if we told you," she sighed.

"Yeah, gee, I don't think you're really birds at all, goddamn," Billy snarled. "I'm going for a *smoke*, don't break my shit, Harrington—"

"No, no, no!" they *both* shouted, scrambling to stand between him and the door, and they looked *worried*, which was weird as hell. Billy began to seriously entertain the cannibals theory, and he wondered whether the cannibalism was *scheduled*. Whether there were *cannibals* wandering the woods, and Max had... *spotted* them somehow.

What made cannibals distinctive, Billy wondered, when they wandered around in the woods? Were there cannibal team colors? He raised his eyebrows as he stuck a cigarette in his mouth.

"I'll just go with him," Steve said, waving Max off. "It's fine, I don't have my bat, anyway, I'll grab it from my car."

"Your *fucking what*," Billy asked, as Harrington pushed him outside, and Max chewed her lip some more. Billy waited until they were on the front steps, lit up, and shoved Harrington's shoulder so hard he staggered. "You *fucking* told her. Didn't you."

"Told her what," Harrington snorted, looking around, until Billy grabbed his shirt and yanked him closer.

"Told her I was *crying like a fucking pussy*," he hissed, blowing smoke in Harrington's wide brown eyes. "Bawling my *fucking* eyes out, *Harrington*, what in the *goddamn fuck* do you *think* I mean—"

"I didn't—" Harrington waved the smoke away, rolling his eyes, and grabbed Billy's arm, hauling him to the curb. "I didn't say anything, come *on*—" he stopped, looking both ways like a little kid, and drug Billy across the street to his car.

"That's why she's *worried*," Billy told him, half-running behind, "—isn't it? She thinks I'm gonna *break*."

"...are you?" Harrington asked, blinking at him, but it was the first time he'd stopped and *listened*, his eyes intent, and Billy just stared back, then took a long drag off his cigarette. Steve cocked his head. "What happens then, you just—just go on and beat the shit out've somebody?"

"Shut the *fuck up*," Billy muttered, watching Harrington pull a bat full of *nails* out of the back seat. He wasn't sure what it would look like, breaking, but it felt like it would be breaking *apart*, sometimes, like he was *fracturing* like the old stones in the graveyard, crumbling where the Indiana winter had gotten in their cracks. He'd kicked one over, once, drunk, and it'd fallen into a pile of gravel.

Harrington stared past him at the treeline, spinning the bat around his hand, and Billy told his imagination to shut the hell up. He blew out a cloud of smoke. "There's something out there, isn't there. Indiana get...bears?"

"Ohhh," Harrington grinned at him, and grabbed his wrist, hauling him back towards the house. "That's closer than I thought you'd get," he whispered, barely giving Billy time to toss his cigarette before he yanked them both inside. He pulled Billy against him, so Billy wouldn't bang his shoulder into the door.

It felt weirdly like being friends.

When they made it into Billy's bedroom again—Steve hauled him the whole way, trying to hold the *fucking nailbat* out of sight, but also

steering Billy around the hall table, and the doorjamb of his room—Steve let go, and Billy stomped over to stare out the window, waiting for his face to cool off. It didn't make sense to go comparing his *dad* to the King of Hawkins High, even if his dad would've maybe yanked him so his thigh banged into the table, and his shoulder hit the door.

Steve had pushed him around, but like—like a *teammate*, Billy thought, a little rough, a little protective. His cheeks heated *worse*, and he stared out at the Harringtonmobile, remembering Steve's words about *attacking* somebody. Billy bit his lips together, remembering the night he'd chased Max through the entire fucking town and arrived to see *perfect Steve Harrington* protecting Billy's sister *from* him like Billy was a *rabid fucking beast*.

He snorted softly.

"Anything out there?" Steve asked, and Billy shook his head. "...there really a test in Geometry?"

"...yep," Billy said, wishing he still had his cigarette, for something to do with his hands. "And I'm not *helping you study*."

"Fine, asshole," Steve sighed, and Billy heard his bed springs squeak, and the noise of a zipper. He spun around to see Steve opening his backpack, and not his *pants*, and wondered what the hell had been in his cigarette that he'd even *think*—

"Ooo, Playboy," Steve said, realizing part of the mess he was sitting on was a magazine. He flipped it open, and Billy spun back around and leaned his face against the cool glass of the window, wanting to *die*.

"Don't jack off on my bed, Harrington," he hissed—he didn't mean to, but his voice came out hoarse.

"Why not, nothing else to do," Steve said, *on his bed*. "Wanna teach me geometry after all? Nice centerfold." The bed creaked again, and Steve *grunted* with a little moan in the back of his throat.

Billy spun around, *snarling*, and Steve burst out laughing, dropping

the magazine on his face and rolling onto his side, shaking with giggles.

"I'm not gonna *whip my dick out* on your *bed*, dumbass," Steve cackled, and Billy growled deep in his throat. Steve was pink-cheeked with laughter, clutching his ribs. Every time he opened his eyes to look at Billy, he laughed *harder*, and Billy put his fists down, swiveling in place to glare out the window again. His face was as hot as a southern California sidewalk.

"Oooo, mmm," Steve called. "Oh *baby*, look at those *jugs*," and Billy spun back around and stomped over to *murder him*, but when he got there he didn't know *what* he wanted to do, and Steve scrambled up and away. He caught Billy's arm and yanked him down face-first on the bed. Billy started to slide off, and Steve shoved him all the way on the bed as Billy tried to figure out what was *happening*, and then Steve Harrington was sitting on his *butt*, Billy's wrists securely in his hands. "Yeah, we're not doing the concussion thing again," Steve said, a little darkly, and Billy tried to keep his breathing even.

"Get off me," he panted.

"Nope," Steve said cheerfully, and picked up the magazine, lying it across Billy's back so he could read it and still hold Billy's wrists. Billy squirmed, rocking them around, and Steve snickered. "You don't think I'm really gonna let you up, do you?"

"Get *off*," Billy hissed, trying to tip Steve over with his hips, and Steve shifted forward to sit on his waist, leaving Billy with a reason to have trouble breathing, at least. His dick was a *bar of hot iron* against the bed, and Harrington's ass cheeks were even softer through his shirt than through his jean pockets. Steve's legs were folded against his sides, his muscular thighs pressed against Billy's ribs, and Billy's heart *thudded* in his chest.

Steve's fingers lifted from his wrists, flipped a page, and then held him again, warm and a little sweaty. It felt just like when Billy'd yanked him back up on the basketball court, but that had been *fast*, and Billy'd *let go*, and Steve's hands were just *holding* him. He kicked the mattress, groaning into his comforter.

"I didn't tell her," Steve said, suddenly, as he sat on Billy, holding him still while he looked at topless women. "Max. I didn't say anything."

Billy took a shuddery breath, his face heating *more* at the thought that Harrington could feel him shake. He tried to hold his breath, shutting his eyes until his lungs stopped jerking, but Steve leaned forward and brushed the curls off his neck, and Billy let his breath out with a startled *woof*.

His scalp tingled as his hair stirred, and he hunched his shoulders, biting his lips together. He clenched his eyes tighter as Steve combed his fingers up through his hair, tangled from the long day, but Steve stopped every time he hit a snag. His fingers were firm, but gentle. "...jesus," Steve said, slowly. "He bruised you up pretty good. Actually made you bleed," he said, brushing his fingertips over where Neil's nails had dug in at the base of Billy's skull.

"...shut up," Billy told him, and he could *hear* the tears in his own voice, thick and soggy-sounding. His eyes were stinging, and he was almost *grateful* he had his face in a blanket, because it soaked up the evidence. He wasn't even less turned *on*, he thought with disgust, apparently just as goddamn horny for Steve's gentle hands as he was for his muscled thighs. He tried squirming again, just to make it clear he wasn't *into* it, and then went perfectly still with a gasp as he nearly *came in his pants*.

"Sorry," Steve said, smoothing Billy's hair back over the marks Neil had left, and Billy nearly laughed aloud, his whole body shaking with tension. His arm was starting to cramp, and he half *desperately needed* Steve to leave the room, and half wanted him to stay exactly where he was, forever. "Oh," Steve said then, leaning forward *again*, his muscled thighs pressing into Billy's sides.

He tugged at the collar of Billy's shirt, where it was crooked from Steve slamming him face first onto the bed. "The fuck are you *doing*," Billy wheezed, as Steve's hand smoothed down his spine.

"Don't freak out," Steve said, letting go of Billy's wrists, and Billy just *laid* there, without being held down, letting Steve Harrington sit on him and straighten his shirt collar.

“Not *fucking* freaking out,” Billy yelled, his voice muffled, and then he full-body shivered as Harrington laid his hands over Billy’s again, holding them to his back. “Get the *hell off*, my dad’s gonna—he’s gonna think you’re *queer*, asshole—”

Steve was quiet for a long moment, and then Billy realized he was shaking with laughter. “The—this isn’t—” Steve snickered, wheezing, “—he does *know* this isn’t how *sex* works, right?!”

“...fuck you,” Billy muttered, catching his sniggers. They both laughed for *way* too long, and then Steve rolled off to lie next to him, and Billy scrambled up to sit on the edge of the bed, facing away, and rubbing his arms.

“That didn’t actually...hurt, right,” Harrington said behind him, and Billy jerked at the sound of his voice.

“No, it didn’t fucking *hurt*, Harrington. I’m not *delicate*.” He didn’t turn around, though, because his whole body was *radiating heat* from the soft brush of Steve’s hand over his hands before letting him go. He was fairly sure if he turned around and saw *Steve Harrington* in his bed, rumped from wrestling, his cock would fucking *burst through his pants* like a Looney Toons character through a wall. He tried to think of unsexy things, like Looney Toons characters, and he wrinkled his nose at the idea of kissing Sylvester the cat.

Then the springs creaked as Harrington sat up, and Billy remembered *why* he’d let him go—and why he didn’t seem mad about getting beat up, probably—and wanted to punch him again. “...fuck you, *Harrington*,” he said, going for threatening, but coming off tired.

“What’d I do now?” he asked, and Billy wondered, grimacing, what he’d looked like, crying in the *fucking window*.

“Shut up,” Billy sighed, then startled as Harrington’s fingers slid up the side of his neck.

“Your ears are all red,” Steve said, sounding *entertained*, and that was just— *great*.

“*Fuck* you,” Billy spat, smacking his hand away, and turning to glare

at the most popular boy in school, currently *in his bed*. “Yeah, you know *all about* me now, huh?! You know all my shitty secrets, go ahead, tell the *fucking* world.”

Steve blinked his big, soft brown eyes, looking thoughtful. For a wild second, Billy wondered whether he even remembered seeing Billy and his dad the night before—whether the King of Hawkins High was even capable of remembering Billy Fucking Hargrove, if even a fistfight hadn’t made an impression. Steve cocked his head. “...I’m not gonna...spread *rumors* about you, *jesus*.”

“Yeah, you *fucking won’t*,” Billy hissed. The idea of King Steve not just...feeding Billy his own teeth at the idea of Billy’s eyes on him was...unlikely. “Why the hell are you pretending this is all *fine*,” Billy hissed, glaring, gathering himself to *beat Harrington into oblivion*.

“You gonna do something that isn’t?” Steve asked, and Billy took a shaky breath.

“...you already saw what I am,” he laughed, and Steve narrowed his eyes.

“I don’t give a shit what your *dad* thinks,” he hissed. “You try to *hit* me again—”

Billy swung his arm out, just to *see*, and Steve slammed him into the bed again. Billy stared up, panting for no reason. His face was hot.

“You can want me to hold you down all day, I don’t give a shit,” he said, and Billy choked, coughing. “I know what I look like,” Steve said, leaning in, and Billy coughed harder, his eyes watering. “You *sure* you don’t want me to jack off on your bed?” he whispered in Billy’s ear, and Billy clenched his fingers in his mattress as he recovered his breath, wiping his eyes.

“...the fuck would you wanna give me a show,” Billy whispered, staring at him, and Steve’s grin widened.

“I don’t mind an audience,” he said, settling back against Billy’s pillow, and Billy realized it would *smell* like him that night.

His cock hadn’t gotten very distracted anyway, hadn’t even made it

down to half-mast, and he nearly shut his eyes as it went granite-hard again. He felt the burn of friction from his cheap cotton underwear. "What," he muttered. "What the fuck."

"Tell me you got some lotion in this shithole," Steve said, folding his arm behind his head, and lifting his t-shirt to show a trail of hair leading into his pants, and Billy forgot there was anyone in the *world* besides him, and the boy on his bed, grinning over.

He turned like a fucking robot and walked over to where all his hair shit was. He grabbed the Avon bottle Susan had bought—she'd been trying to get the Avon lady to leave her alone—and returned like he was on remote control, to slap the bottle into Steve Harrington's outstretched hand.

Steve hummed, opening the magazine back up—they'd scrunched it, rolling around and laughing—and folding his knees up to lean it against. Billy remembered his door didn't *lock*, so he backed away until his shoulder blades thumped into his door. He slid down to sit against it as *Steve fucking Harrington* punched his blanket into a pile with his pillow, reclined back against them, and unzipped his jeans. He shimmied them down around his hips, shoving his skivvies down over his bony hips, and his cock laid half-hard against his stomach.

Billy swallowed thickly.

"This why you were such a fucking *freak* in the shower?" Steve asked, and Billy threw an empty beer can at him instinctively, like swatting a fly. Steve *laughed* as it bounced off his knee, his abs flexing in the light of the window. Billy'd seen him in the showers—he'd barely been able to tear his eyes away, but Harrington *knowing* he was looking and *liking* it was a whole different feeling. It had Billy breathless. Steve was going pink too, across his cheeks and ears.

He braced the magazine open against his knees, squirted some lotion into his hand, and slowly rucked his shirt up under his armpits. Billy clenched his fingers in his thighs as Steve stopped, and checked his watch.

"...man up or put your cock away, Harrington," Billy hissed.

“When’s your dad get home?” Steve asked, and Billy laughed.

“Let a man pick the way he dies, Harrington, *jesus*.”

Steve looked over, his head cocked. “We should still have a while, though, right? Plenty of time.”

“Depends how good you make it,” Billy told him, his cheeks burning ever harder as he pushed, and *pushed*, and waited for the boy in his bed to back down, and admit he’d been bluffing. Because Billy was apparently *hallucinating*, or possibly *dead*, Steve’s dick hardened visibly at the challenge. Steve shrugged, his dick bobbing. “You want my cock to be your last sight on earth, I can make that happen,” he said, flashing a grin Billy’s way.

Billy bit his lips together, and silently unzipped his fly, letting his eyes flutter shut at the relief of pressure—and then he jerked his head up to watch Steve Harrington. His head thumped the door, and Steve glanced over, smirking.

“Shut up and yank your dick,” Billy growled, and Steve laughed, folding his arm behind his head to look at the magazine. He ran his fingertips over his chest, and down his belly *alongside* his cock, and Billy threw another empty can at him. “Just *do* it, what the *fuck*, you’re such a *slut*, Harrington!”

Steve burst out laughing with a full belly laugh, his head tipping back so his hair fanned against the sheets. Hopefully Susan and Max thought that was just them *fighting*, Billy thought, listening. He bit his lips together, hiding whatever sound he’d been about to make, and Steve ran a finger from the base to the tip of his cock. “Can’t believe you just yelled that,” he snickered, grinning.

“Can’t believe you’re doing some kind of— *striptease in my bedroom*,” Billy hissed back, his cheeks *flaming* as he watched *Steve Harrington* rub his thumb over the tip of his dick, then lift away a string of fluid.

“Sometimes you gotta remind people what they’re missing if they, y’know, keep studying, and leave you lonely,” Steve said, staring at the magazine as he finally— *finally*— slicked up his dick, closing his

eyes with a soft groan. The lotion gleamed on his skin.

Billy had a vision of Nancy Wheeler studying until she looked over and saw *this*, and the jealousy felt like acid inside him. He tried to imagine *ignoring* him, and laughed. “You been lonely a lot, *King Steve?*”

“Ha,” Steve said, stroking his cock, and smiling crookedly at the naked woman in the centerfold.

“Jesus,” Billy whispered, imagining *his* hand, *his* mouth on Steve’s dick, stretching around the shiny, blood-darkened skin, and Steve flashed him a grin. He was flushed all over, sweating as his back arched, and Billy pressed the heel of his hand against his cock, trying not to squirm.

“Faster,” Billy muttered, as Harrington put on a fucking *show*, smirking the whole time. At Billy’s voice, his fingers slowed *further*. He moaned theatrically, *trying not to laugh*, as he squirmed in Billy’s bed, trailing his fingers over his balls. “*Christ*, Harrington,” Billy said, punched out of him as he watched the muscles working in Steve’s ass and thighs.

“Patience—patience is a virtue,” Steve panted, sliding both hands over his sweaty abs and then grasping his dick as he grunted, letting his head loll back, his eyes fluttering shut. Billy didn’t even *breathe*, his whole being focused on Steve Harrington’s hand on his dick as he came over his thumb and belly, stilling for a long second, then relaxed against Billy’s bed with a soft sigh.

“Holy shit,” Billy mumbled, his heart pounding probably harder than Harrington’s had been. He was soaked with sweat. He pressed his cock again, wishing he’d left his pants zipped—he’d done laundry, at least, so his underwear was stretched around his cock and nearly transparent, like a fucking *wet t-shirt contest for cocks*, but at least Steve didn’t have to look at his dick.

He was still sprawled, the breeze from the window stirring his sweaty hair, and Billy tried not to look as he fumbled around and found the paper towels Susan had brought in with the cookies.

“...gimme some of that milk,” Steve panted, and Billy rolled his eyes and brought it over, not realizing what he would *look* like, post-orgasmic Steve Harrington, his head tipped back as his throat worked, and a white trickle sliding down his jaw. Billy dropped the paper towels on him, and then went still again as Harrington finished the milk and rolled the cool glass across his flushed chest. “I’m not gonna scream, *jesus*,” Steve said, snorting a laugh. “I’ve seen cocks before. You never watch porn with anybody?”

Billy snorted so hard he nearly choked. “Seems kinda *different*, Harrington,” he pointed out. He couldn’t help imagining what Steve *wanted*, thin shoulders and soft tits, Nancy Wheeler’s, specifically, he was pretty sure, but he was so hard it felt like blood was pounding in his *brain*. He sat heavily on the bed and reached in his pants, eyes fixed firmly on the floor, and Steve unfolded his long legs so one was behind him, one *across his lap*.

Billy turned to glare at Harrington, and he was propped up on his elbow, offering the lotion, still covered in his own jizz. He waggled the bottle, raising his eyebrows, and Billy took it, just holding it like a dumbass, because all he could think about was tipping sideways between Steve’s sprawled legs and sucking hickies into his thigh.

Billy wanted to know what his skin tasted like.

“Did you short out?” Steve asked, yawning and rubbing his face. He squirmed, running his hands through his hair, and his whole torso flexed.

Billy squirted lotion in his hand, and they both snickered because it sounded like a series of wet farts. Steve sighed with satisfaction, sprawling back, and Billy slid his hand in his briefs and yanked at his cock, groaning with relief. He was in a *hurry*, unlike *Steve*, and it only took a few tugs before he was coming all over his jeans and skivvies. He glanced over to see Harrington *watching*, his eyes dark and curious.

“...what,” he hissed, and got a crumpled-up paper towel to the head.

“Clean yourself up before Max walks in,” Steve told him with a *wide smirk*, and Billy half wanted to punch it off his face, and half wanted

to kiss it. The bed creaked as Steve lifted his hips, yanking his pants back up. “What the hell did you think I’d told her? Your dad’s an asshole? I mean, she knows, right?”

Billy stilled, his heart juddering like he’d worked it too hard watching Harrington. “What,” he said, buying time. “...how much did you see,” he gritted out.

“I’m not gonna go tell anybody, *jesus*,” Steve rolled his eyes. “I mean, what the fuck are you gonna say then—tell everybody I did my best *pinup thing* on your *bed*? What happens *in your bedroom* stays in your bedroom, christ.” His ears were getting redder, even as the rest of him cooled off.

“...what,” Billy asked hoarsely, clearing his throat, “—you don’t do that with all the guys?”

“Ha...” Steve said. “...not like that.” He sighed, cocking his head to look at Billy’s back. “I thought he was gonna put your head through the window,” he said, swinging his leg up and over Billy’s head so he could swing them both over the edge of the bed and sit up. “I was looking up and down the street for a phone booth to call an *ambulance*. I had a rock to throw at the house, distract him, but he left.”

“...he wanted to know what I was looking at. Why I—I yanked Max in here,” Billy said through gritted teeth, remembering how her skinny arm felt in his hand. He didn’t think he’d yanked *hard*.

Steve cocked his head, watching him. “...and you didn’t just...tell him?”

“The hell was I gonna say?!” Billy snarled at him. “There’s a *car outside*? I think I recognize it?”

“...sorry for making your life hell,” Steve said, and Billy laughed.

“You didn’t. He’s gotta keep me in check, right, otherwise I *attack* people.”

“More...hell. Hell...er,” Steve pulled his shirt down finally, considering. “Helly? Hellier? I was about to huck a rock at the side

of the house and just run when he came out to see what made the noise,” he said, steepling his fingers like it was a cunning plan, and Billy glanced sideways at him.

“...why?” he asked, snorting a dismissive laugh. “Max said I gave you a *goddamn concussion*. The fuck do you care if he *makes me look out the window*.” Harrington opened his mouth, and his hand twitched towards Billy, but he didn’t say anything. “...what the hell are you here for, anyway—” Billy started, remembering why he’d been watching at all.

“No, I think—” Harrington said, at the same time. “I mean, it still *matters*, right, you’ve got *bruises*—”

“He doesn’t treat *Max* like that,” Billy shot back, feeling a little shaky, like he did whenever he had to look at the truth of himself. “I’m a *bad seed*, right—”

Steve looked confused, but then he shook his head. “M-maybe you are?! But in school when some of the seeds came out, y’know, weird and crooked, we didn’t *hit* ‘em, that doesn’t *help*—”

Billy’s eyes went a little blurry with tears—of laughter, because of how stupid *that* argument was. “Did you fucking...grow little *pea plants* in plastic cups or something?”

“Yeah,” Steve told him, decisively, like he’d won. Like his *dumb pea plant experiment* made him the expert on what Billy Hargrove deserved. He glared over as Billy started snickering. “Hey,” he said, narrowing his eyes, and Billy laughed harder, kind of unable to stop. His eyes teared up again, and his hands shook, and Steve’s frown went wide-eyed and *uncertain*.

The garage door opened.

Billy snorted, wiping his eyes, and getting up to yank his jizz-covered jeans and tighty-whites off. He yanked some black silk boxers on—the friction against his dick had been no joke—and realized the only clean jeans were his *party* pants, years old and strained across his ass and thighs. He squirmed getting them on.

“...dinner *and* a show, huh?” Steve asked awkwardly, and Billy whipped around to glare at him suspiciously.

“...shut up, you don’t give a crap about my ass,” Billy snorted, and Steve folded his arms, quirking his mouth. His cheeks had gone pink again, and Billy stopped like he’d been turned to stone midmotion. “...holy shit,” he whispered, but then the door from the garage into the house closed, and he listened for his dad’s voice, or nearing footsteps.

“He’ll want dinner,” he said, nearly under his breath as he listened to his dad ask Max whether she was *still birdwatching*.

“...you have to talk *nice* to plants,” Steve said, like a moron. “Some of them like music.”

“I’m not a plant,” Billy hissed back, but he couldn’t help a huff of laughter at the idea of him in a little plastic cup, with Steve Harrington playing him Def Leppard and spritzing his head.

Steve grinned at him. “Dinner time?”

“Yeah,” Billy sighed. He was setting his shoulders to leave his room when Steve threw his arm around them, and hauled them both out Billy’s door. He pulled Billy close against his side, so Billy’s shoulder didn’t hit the edge of the doorway, then again when they passed the table in the hall, and Billy tried not to lean into him too much.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Another long chapter, sorry, it was either no porn or a long chapter! And nobody wants to deal with Neil Hargrove without some sweetness.

NO GRAPHIC ABUSE HERE, just Neil being a dickhead, and Steve circumventing him.

Notes for the Chapter:

There's some non-porn this time (despite them both being total horndogs) so the actual sex scene is marked by a horizontal line like usual!

Billy's dad turned abruptly to face them as Steve walked him into the kitchen, and Billy stopped in his tracks. Steve thudded warmly against his side.

"You must be Billy's...friend," Neil said, raising his eyebrows like he expected Steve to correct him.

"We have third period together," Steve said, smiling, yanking his arm from around Billy's shoulders and offering it to shake.

"Glad to *finally* meet a friend of Billy's," Neil said, shaking his hand, and Steve glanced down with a flash of a frown, then smiled wide again, and Billy saw both their knuckles go white, squeezing. "It's been months since we moved here, and he—"

"Sorry to bug everyone over dinner," Steve said, redirecting his grin to Susan. Billy's dad's eyes narrowed, but when Steve blinked wide brown eyes back at him, tugging at their hands, Neil let go, and Steve beamed at Susan. "Thanks so much for feeding me!"

"Steve," Max hissed, lowering her binoculars to glower over at them. "You're alive." She flicked a wary glance at Billy, like the rude little asshole she was, and he stared back at her with wide, sarcastic eyes.

"I am alive," Steve nodded, bumping his shoulder into Billy's with a grin. "I figured out I can bribe him for math help with a trip to the record shop. He's gotta get his...spiders and deaf cats out of me first..." he trailed off, squinting, his head cocked, and Billy couldn't help a snort of sincere laughter.

"*Scorpion* or *Def Leppard*, maybe," he hissed, turning his head, and then flushing as his breath was right against Steve's ear.

"Maybe when you actually *teach me math*," Steve muttered back under his breath, grinning, and Billy snickered aloud.

"No sightings of the *black-necked Stilt*," Max announced, and Steve squinted at her.

"...is that..." he thought hard, obviously, taking a breath like he was gonna talk, then frowning again, like a man trying to start a chainsaw by yanking the cord. "Is that *Will's*, uh, the bird *Will* doesn't like?"

"Oh my god," she groaned, turning back to the window, and Billy wondered whether Max's friend Will didn't like certain sets of cannibals in particular.

"Max, did you set the table?" Susan asked, and Steve spun to face her. "We can get that, ma'am," he told her, smiling again, and Susan was apparently putty to that smile, because she just laughed, showing him where the silverware was.

Billy saw his dad shift, and stepped back, rolling his eyes internally. He pulled Steve over to grab the tablecloth and placemats.

Steve went to cut a bite of meatloaf, failed to slice through it, and sawed harder with determination, then as Susan started to wilt, just stuffed the whole huge hunk in his mouth. "Mmm," he said, beaming, squirrel-cheeked, and she laughed. "Tastes just like my grandma's," he told her, after chugging half a glass of juice, and she blinked, then looked down at her meatloaf, pink-cheeked.

About halfway through dinner, Max jumped up, staring at the windows, and the tablecloth rucked up, following her jeans. Billy grabbed for her glass and splashed *purple grape juice* across Susan's cloth napkins and tablecloth, and his dad laughed softly, but Steve was on his feet almost before the droplets landed. He gathered the tablecloth up, handing everyone their plates, and had the whole mess in the sink before Susan had time to react.

"You have one of those old fat cookbooks that has stuff on getting stains out?" he called from the kitchen. Susan, Billy's dad, and Billy all stared at him as he popped back in with a paper towel, scrubbing the last of the juice up from the bare table. Billy got up and followed him, since Susan was just taking deep, wet breaths, glancing between Neil and Max, and smashing her meatloaf with her fork.

In the kitchen, Steve was opening and closing cupboards, and he slid his hand down Billy's back to nudge him out of the way. "Where are the cookbooks," he mumbled, crouching to look at a lower cupboard, and putting his hand around Billy's *hip* to shift him to the side. He leaned to look in the tiny cupboard over the stove, pulling Billy's head into his shoulder to get him out of the way. "I saved a *prom dress* once, come on, help me out—"

His touches were so thoughtlessly *gentle* Billy couldn't even *think*, he just stepped in the way again, right in front of Steve, who finally stopped and raised his eyebrows. Billy cleared his throat, laughing. "...they're, uh. H-hallway. Fuck," he muttered, turning on his heel to go get the damned thing, instead of forcing Steve to move him out of the way again. He took a couple deep breaths in the hallway too, like Susan, shaking his head to clear it, and remind him that following Steve's touches was something his dad was gonna notice. He groaned into his hands, then grabbed the fattest, oldest-looking cookbook, and stalked back in the kitchen.

He returned to see Steve crouching down to eye-level with the sink, glaring at the purple stains. "I-it's for school," he heard Susan whisper, and he glanced over, tight-shouldered, to see his dad smile, and clench his utensils.

"It was one of your favorite wedding presents," he said.

"Sorry," Max said, frozen, clenching her binoculars in both hands.
"Sorry, mom, I'm sorry—"

"I'm sorry too," said Billy's dad.

Steve was frowning over at them too, and he grabbed the cookbook, narrowing his eyes at the table of contents, then flipping through like a man on a mission for MI6. "We'll have this fixed in a jiffy," he called to Susan, smiling, and Neil raised his eyebrows.

"It's just a tablecloth," Susan whispered, and Neil sat down his fork and knife, pushing his plate away.

Billy leaned in next to Steve to read.

"Grape juice, grape juice," Steve mumbled, and Billy found it.

"Vinegar and laundry detergent," he reported.

"Your wedding present will be just fine, ma'am," Steve told her, and she laughed with relief, wide-eyed.

"We-we can eat, then," she said shakily, and Steve's hand tightened on Billy's arm.

"We better get the stain out fast," he said apologetically. "This moron threw juice all over it, he can show me where the laundry soap is."

"I did not—" Billy hissed at him, and Steve laughed.

"Yeah, come on, it's not like anybody did it on *purpose*, right, just show me the laundry soap."

Billy led the way to the machines in the garage, and waved at the detergent. "How come you drug me out here," he asked, wary, and Steve glanced at him with a frown.

"Wasn't gonna leave you in *there*," he said, "—your dad looks *pissed*. Come on, shit, we didn't bring—there's no cup, or anything, we're morons—"

Billy was still staring at him, his face hot. “You...” he trailed off, and Steve held his hands out, cupped.

“Gimme some soap,” he said grimly.

“...gross,” Billy laughed, startled, but filled Steve’s hands with liquid detergent, and then opened the door for him and walked him back inside. Billy kept his hands on on Steve’s shoulders, steering him around the pile of shoes by the back door, and the chair by the phone, while Steve stared at the soap, trying not to drip.

Susan helped them find the vinegar while Steve splashed the soap off his hands in the sink, and Billy felt a twinge of guilty warmth seeing his dad alone at the table, pissed off but unable to fault anyone, all because Max apologized to her mom before he’d thought to tell her to. Max leaned around Steve’s shoulder with her mom on one side, while Billy stood on the other. Billy wasn’t especially filled with suspense about the tablecloth, but he wasn’t gonna sit down alone with his *dad*, so he stepped a little closer to Steve’s warm side instead.

After a while of intense, sudsy scrubbing, Steve held the tablecloth up to the light at arm’s-length. He squinted at it, bringing it close enough that it nearly touched his nose, and then showed it to Max. “Do you see it?” he whispered intently, and Billy *thought* he might, so he leaned in too, then realized when he heard Susan muffle a snicker how *ridiculous* they must look. Billy and Max both jerked back and away, and Steve beamed at Susan.

She looked like she was trying not to laugh at him, but bit back her smile, taking a close look. Billy wasn’t sure he’d seen her smile so much *ever*, and rolled his eyes at Mr. King Popular. Everything felt like ten degrees warmer with the dickhead around, he thought.

“I think you got it,” Susan said, nodding seriously after a long look. “It looks cleaner than it ever has. Thank you, Steve, and Billy,” she told them, and actually sounded a little like she might cry.

Max nodded, swallowing as Steve dumped it back in the sink and rinsed his hands. She smacked him in the shoulder, and shot a glance up at Billy, too. “—seriously, dude, I didn’t even notice. She—

thanks.”

“It was my ninja powers,” Steve told them, slinging his arm around her shoulders, and Billy’s *again*, pulling him into a quick *side hug*. Billy froze to the floor, feeling Steve Harrington all along his body, firm biceps against his back, and Steve had to tug him along back to the table.

Billy’s dad’s smile was strained. “...it’s nice to have a young man with such enthusiasm around here,” he said, as they sat down, and Billy clenched his jaw, sawing harder at the now-cold meatloaf.

Steve glanced between them. “Not everybody gets that excited about *stains*, I guess,” he said. “Want to hear about the prom dress I saved? My girlfriend was helping her sister get ready for prom—”

The story was *funny*. Billy’s dad looked absolutely *sour* as the tension fled the table, and Billy nearly spit his awful meatloaf across the table laughing. Max caught his eye, covering her mouth like she was fighting the same urge.

Neil narrowed his eyes, and ate.

After dinner and dessert, Susan suggested Steve stay for a board game, and Max groaned. Neil pulled out *Life*, and Susan suggested *Trivial Pursuits*, and Steve laughed. “I won’t get any of those.” Billy saw his opportunity to sneak off, but he didn’t take it, just...sat there next to Steve, who kept reaching over to tap Billy’s arm when he explained something, or grinning at him when he got Billy to laugh.

Billy, who had been subjected to hours of his father’s scathing commentary through *Life*, shrugged. “There are baseball questions,” he told Steve, who brightened.

“Max, you can be on my team,” Susan suggested brightly, and Max groaned, slumping down between her mom and Steve.

“Maybe I wanna be on Steve’s team,” she sighed, and Neil’s head snapped up.

“You know each other?” he asked, smiling stiffly.

“Sure,” Steve nodded, inspecting the board. “She needed a ride home, so I got a dinner invite!”

Neil frowned at him, then at the deck of cards, which Billy knew from experience *he* would be reading aloud, even if it was a question *for* him.

Trivial Pursuits was a rout, as usual, with Neil throwing down political facts from before they were born. Susan started smilier than usual, but slumped a little every time Billy’s dad huffed a laugh at her answers—unless she was *right*.

Max whooped for her mom, mostly a cheering squad, between running to the window periodically. She kept turning the back porch light on, and Billy could tell it was pissing his dad off, but he was quiet, mostly, in front of Steve.

“The aardvark is a nocturnal mammal native to which continent?” Neil asked Susan, and she brightened, but when she opened her mouth to answer, he scoffed, and grabbed another card. “Typo in that question—”

As he asked another question, Steve reached over and took the last few discards to flip through, frowning. His eyes narrowed. Billy’s dad was just finishing a question as Steve half-stood and grabbed the other box of questions.

Billy’s dad raised an eyebrow.

Steve rifled through the box as Susan took her turn, stuffing cards back in and grabbing different ones, and then read over Billy’s dad, *waving him down*. “Mrs. Hargrove! Max! I found one,” he said, and Susan winced. Max raised her eyebrows, glancing between Steve and Billy’s dad.

“I found a good one,” Steve began, grinning at Max. “What, ah, what Los Angeles team,” he began, squinting at it, “—beat, uh, Wayne Gretzky’s in the game, um, referred to as ‘Miracle on Manchester?’”

Her grin broadened as she leaned in. “The Los Angeles Kings!” she yelled, and Susan laughed, hugging her. Max grabbed the die to roll

again.

“‘Um’, I’m not sure, ‘uh’, I’ll allow that, ‘um’, question,” Billy’s dad said, smiling gently, and reached over to tap the cards Steve was discarding. “You *looked through the deck* to find questions she’d know the answer to.”

“You looked through to find ones she *wouldn’t*,” Steve shot back, glaring. “It’s fair.”

Neil opened his mouth, but nothing came out immediately. Max glanced between them, and set her jaw. “So I was *right*, and we get another *turn*,” she said, and rolled the die again, elbowing her mom. Susan ducked her head, glancing at Neil as her hand hovered between the colors for *Literature* and *Science and Nature*, and Steve cupped his hands around his mouth.

“You like to read?” he hissed.

“Sometimes,” she said, laughing uncertainly.

Steve cupped his hands around his mouth like a dork. “Pick pink,” he stage-whispered, and Billy watched his dad’s jaw work, but Susan and Max both bit back smiles. Susan smacked her piece down on the pink space and looked over expectantly. Steve cleared his throat theatrically, and Max snorted. “This, um,” he began, “—this best-selling nineteen-eighty, uh, three novel follows the ad-adventures of Charlie, an actress and spy—”

“*The Little Drummer Girl*, by John le Carré!” Susan said, *smacking* the table with both hands in excitement, and Max burst out laughing.

She leaned into her mom, whispering, “Told you you’d be ready for anything, reading those spy novels!”

“I *am* ready for anything,” Susan laughed.

“Hardly *literature*,” said Neil, and Susan’s smile fell.

“They’re written by a *real spy*, though,” Max shot back.

“They are? That’s cool,” Steve told them, but Billy’s dad was already

reading another question.

Susan got it right, and Steve and Max cheered. She was on a roll, and she'd picked up two pie pieces by the time she finally hit a question she didn't know about the insects found in the Order Lepidoptera. "Nooo!" Max and wailed, leaning into her mom's shoulder, and Neil turned his attention on Billy.

He prepared himself to sound like an idiot for a few minutes, and then Steve threw an arm around him again. "I've got some, wait," Steve said, and he actually hadn't found basketball stuff, mostly. It was biology and math and history—stuff out of classes. Billy knew all of them. It felt like his shoulders lowered a little every time Steve spoke up, he couldn't help noticing, guiltily, and he saw it in Susan and Max, too. They looked *relaxed*.

"...I see you've done your homework," Billy's dad said, looking at him, and Steve laughed.

"Yeah, he's pretty smart," he said, reading on, and ignoring Billy's dad, who laughed every single time Steve paused, or reread, or mispronounced a word. Billy ignored it, listening to the questions, and trying not to get distracted by Steve's hand on his arm, or his tired grin.

They weren't even the absolute dumbest of questions, the 'what does the table of elements contain' kind of thing, and every time Steve read one, he nodded, wide-eyed when Billy knew the answer, and didn't even check the back to see if Billy was *right*. "I'm so glad you're helping me with geometry," he said fervently, and Billy elbowed him in the gut.

Steve himself, between questions about literature and politics, usually only got one turn, shaking his head blankly at every single one, so finally Susan waved Neil down. "Not that one, give him another one," she said, and Neil stared back at her. "He's getting terrible questions," she said, smiling. "He's too young to know that!"

Steve laughed, leaning so his shoulder bumped Billy's, his whole

body warm against Billy's side. "Like I'll know anyway," he whispered. Steve's head ended up on Billy's *shoulder*, once, heavy and warm, while Neil read questions to himself, and answered without checking the back for nearly half an hour.

With the help of Steve reading sports questions to Max, Susan and Max actually gave Neil a run for his money for the last pie. Billy's dad didn't look pleased about *that*, but he was pleased to win, and to see Steve's forlorn lack of points. His smile even looked real as he walked Steve to the door and shook his hand again.

"Wait, your bag," Billy said, and Steve blinked.

"In a minute he'll realize the bag won't fetch itself," Billy's dad said, and Billy rolled his eyes, sauntering off in no particular hurry. He'd kinda...hoped, he admitted, gritting his teeth, that Steve would want to come back to his room.

When he returned, his dad was saying, "Apologize to your mother for me," he told Steve, "—for keeping you out so late," and Billy was pretty sure he was squishing Steve's hand again.

Steve nodded, quirking his mouth. "Yes sir."

"I'll come out and have a smoke," Billy said, shouldering Steve's bag, and Steve tensed, glancing at Billy's dad. He didn't say anything, though, so Billy followed him out, only to have Steve yank at his bag.

"Go back inside," Steve hissed. "Smoke out your window."

"I'll get in *trouble*," Billy emphasized, whining a little as he smirked, lighting up. "I'll just walk you to your car and go right back inside." He took a long pull off the cigarette, feeling himself relax, a little on Steve's behalf, for the first time since Steve had sat down for dinner with the whole Hargrove family. "Unless you wanna let me smoke in there? Not in your daddy's nice car, I bet."

"Billy—" Steve sighed, and Billy laughed, bumping their shoulders

and crossing the street to Steve's car.

Steve ran after him. "Billy, *get inside*," he hissed. "Go back inside—"

"Why don't you come back in," Billy whispered, turning to drape himself against Steve's chest, and Steve shoved him back against the car. It didn't *hurt*, there was just this soft thud of Billy's butt against the driver's side window, and he laughed, giddy. "I could watch you again," Billy said, under his breath, reaching out to cup the hardening lump in Steve's jeans. "I know how you like being the *center of attention*—"

Steve grabbed Billy's wrists, smacking them down against the roof of his car, but Steve's *knuckles* were between Billy's wrists and the metal, and Billy was nearly *dizzy* with the confidence of knowing he could do *anything*, and Steve Harrington would be *careful* with him. Instead of yanking himself loose, he let Steve hold both his wrists with one hand, and take Billy's cigarette with the other.

Billy shivered a little at the thought of the cigarette meeting his skin, but he was confident it *wouldn't*. "Go back inside," Steve told him, taking a long drag on Billy's cigarette, and looking around tiredly.

"You don't even have your bat," Billy reminded him, his voice a little hoarse with how goddamn horny he was for Steve Harrington shoving him around.

Steve froze. "Shit."

"Come around under my window and get it," Billy told him, and Steve let him go, backing away with a sigh. He took another deep draw off the cigarette and held it out, and Billy bent to take it in his mouth, his lips brushing Steve's fingers.

"Jesus," Steve whispered, hunching his shoulders, but his mouth quirked in a little smile. "Get back in there, Hargrove."

"Make me," Billy told him, lingering around as he finished his cigarette, and kinda...curious, about the idea of sitting in a car all night with King Steve. He wondered what Steve would say, round about three in the morning.

Probably detail exactly how much he wished Billy wasn't there, Billy thought, remembering how Steve had looked lying on the floor at the Byers' while Billy fucking...beat his head in.

It was...even *better*, in a twisted way, that Steve was careful with him after *that*. He knew how fucked up Billy *was*, and he still didn't let his wrists slam into the edge of the car doors. Billy's face was so hot it probably lit the street better than the streetlights. "...why're you here, Harrington?" he tried again, as Steve put an arm around him, and walked him back across the street.

"Just keeping an eye out, so Max feels better," Steve said. "So she knows her mom and big brother are safe, y'know."

"She did *not* haul you here to protect *me*," Billy told him, laughing, and Steve pushed him up the sidewalk towards their door.

"Get the hell inside, Billy," he said, and Billy staggered towards the door, then turned and grinned at him, sauntering backwards. Steve sighed, smiling. "Get me my bat."

Billy closed the door on him, then bent to watch him walk off through the peephole. His dad was in his recliner, reading the paper, and he looked over at Billy with his eyebrows raised, then back at the door, and snorted a laugh. Billy walked faster, his heart thumping as he wondered whether he'd been *obvious*.

He turned into the bathroom and brushed his teeth, just in case, before leaning out his window. Minutes later, a dark shape separated itself from the shadows and Billy heard a knock at the wall. "Hey," Steve stage-whispered up. "You gonna give my bat back?"

He kept looking around to the woods behind him, and Billy bit his lips, his heart thumping. "...you gonna sleep in your car like a fucking... *stalker* again?"

"Yes I am," Steve hissed up at him, his hands cupped around his face.

"Jesus," Billy groaned, trying not to think about his dad, and how he might react to Billy sneaking around with Steve Harrington. "Come

here,” he said, stretching his arm down, and Steve blinked up. “...hurry *up*,” Billy growled, and *Max’s* window opened.

“What’s happening,” she hissed, leaning out so her hair hung down below the sill.

Steve turned to cup his hands around a whisper at *her*, like the total dork he was. “I don’t know,” he told her.

“Get *up* here,” Billy growled as quietly as he could. “If there’s something... *out there*,” he said, feeling idiotic, but neither of them laughed, “—it’s safer in here, right?”

Steve looked over at Max. “...I’d be closer,” he whispered.

“What,” she hissed back.

“Sleepover,” he mouthed.

“He was gonna sleep in his car,” Billy sighed, rubbing his forehead.

“Yeah,” she hissed back. “What else? He gonna sleep with *you*?”

“Shut the hell *up*, both of you,” Billy snarled, feeling his face heat. “Get *up* here, Harrington!”

He nodded, jumping a little to grab Billy’s wrist, and they both pulled until he could grab the windowsill, yanking himself up and over onto Billy’s feet in a series of scrabbling thuds.

“*Jesus*,” Max hissed. “Ssshhh! God *damn*.”

Steve yanked himself upright with Billy’s *pants pocket*, thumping the wall with his knee, and throwing his arm around Billy’s shoulders again. Steve was panting in Billy’s ear, and Billy thought he might die of heart failure about an hour in to the night.

“Sorry,” Steve whispered to Max. He slumped, too warm, against Billy’s side.

“Be *quiet*,” Max growled. “I gotta sneak back out to the living room, let the asshole go to sleep!”

“Why the fuck—” Billy began, startled into his normal voice, and Steve clapped a hand over his mouth.

“She’s gotta watch the woods for freaky Hawkins lab shit,” he said, shrugging, and they could both hear Max groan through the window, and next door.

“Lab shit?” Billy repeated, barely audible, when Steve lifted his hand.

“Lab shit,” Steve whispered back, too close, and Billy stared at his face, his hair and eyes shining a little in the soft light of the streetlamps. His lips were wet where he’d licked them.

Billy swallowed to keep from *drooling*. “...lab shit,” he mouthed, and Steve nodded. Billy could feel his *breath*.

“I mean, anything really happens, she’ll call the sheriff,” Steve said, shrugging. “But she was freaking out about her mom—”

“Just her and her mom, right?” Billy laughed, elbowing him. “Not—”

“Stay inside, Billy,” Steve told him, earnestly, and Billy’s mouth went dry. He licked his lips, swallowing.

“...there’s really something out there?” he asked, and Steve grimaced, nodding.

“...what about my dad,” Billy asked, and then realized his voice sounded *small*.

“I won’t let anything happen to him either,” Steve told him. “Billy. I promise.”

Billy nodded, forcing a laugh, and Steve squeezed his shoulder.

“Am I on the floor? Bed’s kinda small,” he asked, and Billy bit his lips, hard, imagining the Keg-King of Hawkins High stretched out beside him in his twin-sized bed. Steve raised his eyebrows slowly, looking back at him, and opened his mouth.

Billy cut him off in a rush, his skin prickling with a cold sweat as he

imagined his dad opening the door on him and Steve, and being *found*. “I’ll sleep on the floor,” he muttered.

“That’s dumb,” Steve said, yanking his *shirt over his head* so his muscles worked under his skin in the warm, yellow light of the streetlamps through Billy’s window. He undid his *jeans*, bending to step out of them so his ass waved at just the height of Billy’s hand, and then folded the black shape of the denim, and his shirt, over his bag. “I can’t make you sleep on the floor in your *own room* ...don’t you have a *fan* in here?” he asked, sighing, standing *mostly naked* in Billy’s bedroom, and Billy forced his feet to move away from Steve’s warm skin. It was an effort, walking away to click the fan on.

His bed creaked as Steve *climbed in*, scooting over against the wall. Billy’s bed already *smelled* like Steve Harrington, he knew—he’d have spent the night jerking it even with Steve snoring in his car where he belonged—but there had to be some kinda *line*, Harrington wasn’t gonna just lie there and listen to him yanking his dick. Billy bit his lips together, tugging his shirt tails out of his jeans.

“Gonna go take a shower,” he whispered, tossing his shirt on the floor.

“...just go to sleep,” Steve groaned, sounding halfway there, and Billy huffed a laugh, watching *King Steve Harrington’s* shoulders move as he breathed, and the length of his legs sticking out from the sheets.

“...gonna shower first,” Billy said, stalking off to the bathroom. He barely had the door closed before he was squeezing the base of his dick, his other hand fumbling with the slide lock. He staggered over to sit back on the toilet, trying not to think about King Steve Harrington’s sleepy voice, and what his *skin* would taste like where the sweat ran down his neck.

Billy took a few deep breaths, and reached over to turn the shower on, pushing his pants down and kicking them off. His boxers weren’t too sticky yet, and he kicked them at the doorknob as he climbed in, stumbling in his urgency to lather his hand up.

As soon as he got his hand around his cock—finally—his knees nearly buckled with relief, like he’d been waiting *weeks* instead of having

the hottest jerkoff session of his life that same afternoon. He closed his eyes, concentrating on the wet slide of his hand over his dick, and the way Steve's head had fallen back as he came, his breath shuddering.

Billy didn't try to make it last—he didn't want to keep his dad up with the noise of the shower, and have him come ask why Billy was prowling the house in the middle of the night—or have Steve laugh at him, knowing exactly what he'd been doing.

When he wandered back in his room, tossing his clothes behind the door, Steve was already asleep, and Billy wandered over to the window, feeling the breeze over the water droplets on his skin. Steve was sprawled along half the bed. He'd kicked the blanket off, so the only thing covering him was the sheet over part of his ass.

With his skivvies covered, he looked *naked*, Billy thought, swallowing saliva. He'd left room for Billy, if neither of them *moved*— and as Steve snored softly, his head partly under the pillow, his arm folded awkwardly against the wall, it seemed likely he'd just lie there like a coma patient. Billy almost wished he hadn't jacked off in the shower. The thought of sitting on the floor as he stroked himself like a creep, watching Steve Harrington sleep, had his dick twitching in his boxers.

Then he heard his dad and Susan's door open, and threw himself down on the bed next to Steve, yanking the blanket over them. His heart slammed in his chest. Steve rolled, mumbling, and his knees brushed Billy's hip, but the boards in front of Billy's door didn't squeak.

The light from the streetlamp lit the ceiling in a long swath, and Billy stared up at it, trying to steady his breathing. Harrington's knees were warm, and Billy squeezed his eyes shut, trying not to think about earlier—Steve's arm squeezing him close, or *sitting* on him, or brushing gentle fingers through his hair and up the back of his head.

Steve had touched his shoulder as he asked Billy to pass the little plastic pie slices for the game. He'd *grinned* over at Billy when Susan suggested ice cream—like Billy had had anything to do with it—and

then Max had stared at them, because there Billy was, smiling at Harrington's delight over Rocky Road as he hummed and swayed happily in his seat.

Steve mumbled again next to him, squirming away from the blanket and the wall, and into Billy. His wrist was against Billy's side, and then he kicked a foot up and dropped it over Billy's ankle. Billy sighed, feeling his dick firm back up in his boxers. He was just thinking it was gonna be a long, *hard* night, when the back of Steve's knuckles brushed the side of his thigh, over his silk boxers. And then did it again.

"...soffffff," Steve mumbled, probably, his mouth half full of pillow. He stroked the back of his hand along Billy's hip, scooting closer.

"Steve, wake up," Billy whispered, as warm fingers cupped the side of his waist. "Steve."

"Mmng," Steve said, throwing his whole *leg* over Billy, right on top of his stomach so Billy *ooofed*, and Steve's foot dangled off the edge of the bed. His elbows dug into Billy's side, and Billy tried not to wake the whole house snickering.

"Wake up, asshole," he hissed. "...Harrington. Steve."

"Mmmnnnn. ..*fine*," Steve groaned, scooting back, and Billy started to breathe a sigh of relief, but *King Steve* wasn't done with him yet. The next second he had Billy around the waist, yanking him closer so Billy's ass was nestled against Steve's lap. Against his *cock*, Billy realized, feeling the hot length of it through his boxers, rubbing along his thighs. He took a shaky, startled breath, staring at the wall blankly.

Steve's hand slid down around Billy's ass in his silk boxers, stroking and kneading the muscle as Billy bit back a grunt, trying not to come in his pants for the second time in the same day. He couldn't help shifting back, into it, just—letting Steve's cock run up against his butt and thighs.

He was mostly in *shock*, waiting for Steve's hands to slide off his silk boxers onto his hairy legs, or reach down and find his whole trunk of

emphatically male junk, but then Steve nuzzled against the back of his neck. He brushed Billy's hair aside, pressing open-mouthed kisses over his bruises, and the places where his dad's nails had dug into his skin.

Billy took rapid breaths, trembling, as he registered that Steve *definitely* didn't know who he was in bed with. "Stop," he hissed, swallowing. "Harrington! *Stop—*"

Steve's hand slid up Billy's side, but then he stopped, and Billy *waited*, holding his breath. Steve pushed himself up on his elbow, leaning over Billy's face, and blinking blearily in the dim light. He cleared his throat, yawning, and rested his chin in the crook of Billy's neck. "...you d'wanna make out?" he asked, slurring his words, and Billy paused, thinking of what he must have sounded like, after the concussion, his face swollen from Billy's fists.

"...what," Billy whispered, his whole body tingling at the warmth of Steve's behind him. "Y-you knew it was me? Holy shit, Harrington —"

Steve sighed, squirming sleepily, but not really squirming *away*. "Shit. Yeah. Shit," he muttered, reaching behind him to toss the blanket off the bed entirely, and pushed himself up on his elbow. "Shit. S'ry. I thought—"

"No, wait, wait, what the *fuck*, no," Billy hissed, tucking his ankle behind him, around Steve's leg, and reaching back to grab his arm. "What—you can grope my ass all you want," he whispered. "Why—why the fuck—the hell d'you *want*, Harrington," he hissed, bewildered.

"Thought that was obvious," Steve snickered, leaning in to breathe against the back of Billy's neck, and he shivered.

"You remember I beat your face in, right," Billy asked, laughing unevenly, loud in the silent house and Steve reached around and clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Sssshhh," he breathed over Billy's ear, and he nodded.

"I just woke you up 'cause I thought you thought I was some. *..bitch.*" Billy's voice cracked, and Harrington stilled, then settled behind him again, sliding his fingers down Billy's arm and side.

"You are," Steve hissed back flatly, and Billy snickered. "...figured that's why you wanted me in here," Steve admitted softly, in Billy's ear. "Fuck around some more. Can't keep your hands off this, right?" he whispered, and Billy laughed again, grimacing, and squirming back so Steve's cock rubbed right up between his ass cheeks. He bit back a moan, so *turned on* it felt like the world was tilting, a little, like all the blood and nerves in his body were following Steve's fingertips around on his skin. He shuddered as Steve's knuckles brushed the inside of his thigh. "Why else you following me around?" Steve asked.

"You know it, pretty boy," Billy mumbled, and then muffled a yell in his arm as Steve *bit down* on the muscle between his neck and his shoulder. It didn't hurt, really, because Harrington was *careful*. "...fuck you," Billy panted.

"I don't think you're getting *that* lucky," Steve whispered back, and they both snickered, rocking against each other. Billy felt like he was *melting* with Steve's mouth hot and lingering against his neck, Steve's fingers trailing down his stomach into his boxers to grasp his cock, and Steve's own cock rubbing against Billy's ass, making it clear Steve Harrington *wanted* him. Billy stalled out again at Steve's *hand on his dick*, like it was just—just something straight guys *did*, slide their hands into another man's boxer shorts in their sleep.

"...lemme get my boxers off," Billy whispered. "Fuck my thighs." He moaned deep in his throat as Steve's rough thumb rubbed over the tip of his dick, squishing the liquid around.

"Yeah, okay," Steve panted. "Okay, where—the lotion—"

"Where we left it," Billy mumbled into his arms. He tried not to think about his dad being home—right down the hall—and what he'd *do* if he caught Billy sneaking a dude in his room to fuck his thighs. Steve wandered back over with the lotion and unscrewed the cap, standing next to the bed. He was just as pink-cheeked as he'd been in P. E., panting a little as he stripped off his underwear, and Billy

stared, wondering how far was too far.

Would it be too far to reach out, too *much*, if he slid his knuckles down Steve Harrington's thigh, he wondered, watching. Squeezed his ass cheek, maybe, the way he'd squeezed Billy's—would that have Steve *finally* drawing back? He'd laugh uncomfortably, maybe. Look away from Billy's whole front half, Billy thought, smirking against his forearms. It was probably good it was dark, so Harrington could barely tell how male he was from the back. Lotion splurged and glooped down Steve's hand, and he bit his upper lip so he looked like a bulldog.

Billy wanted to kiss it.

Steve held his handful of lotion out to Billy, who blinked, then propped himself up a little on his elbow to push his boxers down. Steve crawled around behind him, wrapping warm around his whole body, and he slid his arm under where Billy'd propped himself up on the bed, pulling Billy *tight* against his chest. He was too hot, in June, even with the fan, but Billy leaned back into him, ignoring the sweat trickling into his hair.

"Don't you want your own back," Billy grunted, greasing himself up. "Gave you a fucking concussion, right? You got me right where you want me, now?"

Steve went still, and Billy could feel all his own muscles drawing tight, waiting for Steve to dish *something* out. Not fists, Billy thought, still squirming a little, with his ass against Steve's cock. Maybe some hard-hitting truths.

"...you'd probably be into that, huh," Steve snorted, and Billy's eyes stung—with sweat, mostly.

His throat burned. "Yeah," he whispered. "Shove me around some more." The thought of being found reared its head again, and Billy wondered, swallowing, if Steve would do anything, if his dad found them, and...reacted. If Steve would—would *stop* it, take Billy away, somewhere—not because he wanted to, but because he was *Steve*.

"What d'you wanna hear while 'm fucking you," Steve asked him,

startling him out of his train of thought, like that was just a thing people *said*. Billy wondered what Steve's girlfriends had wanted to hear. He imagined Steve railing Nancy Wheeler, all the while saying shit like 'You've won the Nobel for physics' or 'Congrats on your Pulitzer,' and he started giggling *so hard*, silently, that he couldn't breathe.

Steve's cock slid in between his thighs, slippery, hard, and *hot*, and Billy swallowed back a whine, locking his ankles together to make his thighs tighter. Steve grunted softly against his neck, then breathed "*—What d'you want me to say, Billy,*" into the curls behind his ear where his skin was still bruised, and Billy shuddered against him.

"Anything you want," Billy whispered, overwhelmed tears leaking across the bridge of his nose, and rolling down to drip on the bed. "Fuck, *jesus*, just *move*."

"No, shit, you're shaking," Steve said, a little too loud, and then he muffled his face in the back of Billy's head, hugging him a little *too* tightly with the arm against the mattress. His other arm slid up and down the soft skin of Billy's side and between his thigh and his cock, just—soothing him. "Whaddaya need," he whispered against the scabs Billy's dad's nails had left. "Tell me what you need, Billy."

"Don't say anything," Billy finally whispered, his head aching as he imagined the shit Steve might just— *say*, truths Billy desperately did not want to hear. "Don't—don't say anything, please, just—nothing, just fuck me, don't—"

Steve opened his mouth, took a breath, and then just nodded, his hips bucking his cock between Billy's legs even as he grabbed Billy's dick. Billy bit back a groan, sandwiched between Steve Harrington's cock and his hand, and slowly relaxed, when all Steve did against his neck was breathe. As they got closer, Steve grunted against his hair, then started pressing sloppy kisses under Billy's ear, and down the side of his neck. His hips slapped against Billy's ass, and the bed *creaked*, a loud series of squeaks that halted kinda slowly, because they didn't realize right away and halt their mesmerized, half-awake fucking, and also Billy's rickety bed swayed under them for several seconds after.

“Shit,” Steve breathed, after nearly a whole minute of perfect stillness. “What, um. What would your dad do,” he whispered against Billy’s neck, “—if he found us? Like this?”

Billy’s voice cracked as he muffled a laugh, shuddering. “...probably like I did to you. Only no Max there with a *mystery drug*, right.”

“Shit,” Steve mumbled, against the skin under Billy’s ear. He pressed a kiss there, and Billy squirmed, his face heating further.

“...just gotta be quiet,” Billy told him, and Steve’s arm tightened around him.

“Jesus...should—” Steve panted, “—should I fuck you on the floor?”

“Just as loud,” Billy whispered. His chest and shoulder were glistening with sweat, and he shivered as the fan passed over them, shifting his hips so his cock rubbed against Steve’s thumb.

“Dammit,” Steve said, lifting his head, and blowing Billy’s hair out of his face. He lifted his hand off Billy’s dick—Billy hissed in complaint—and rubbed his face off in the crook of his elbow. “I’ve got hair in my mouth,” he whispered across Billy’s ear, and Billy elbowed him, then softened at another kiss to his neck.

“So are we just jacking off, or what,” Billy sighed. Steve groaned against Billy’s neck. He sounded petulant, and Billy laughed into his own bicep to muffle the noise. “...okay,” Billy whispered, shifting just enough away that Steve’s cock slipped from between his thighs, and he could roll over. He scooted down the bed, keeping his eyes off Steve’s face, and dropped on his side with Steve’s hard, lotion-shiny dick level with his lips.

Steve went completely still, making a soft noise in his throat like he was trying to swallow a *dog toy squeaker* as Billy slipped his lips over the Steve Harrington King Cock, and Billy’s eyes watered as he tried not to laugh. The lotion tasted gross, fruity and somehow dry in his mouth, but his lips stretched satisfyingly around firm, hot skin. He reached up and grabbed Steve’s hand, shoving it into his hair, and pulled off for a second to pant, and talk. “Move my head, not the bed,” he whispered, and Steve stroked his hair. He didn’t jerk his

hips forward *or* shove Billy's face onto his cock, though, so Billy tried to speed up on his own.

He wasn't all that used to having cock in his mouth. Not as much as he'd *like* to be, he thought, as his eyes watered, and his throat clenched trying not to gag, and Steve Harrington's fingers sank into his curls.

"...you feel so good, *jesus*," Harrington whispered, and Billy twitched, a little. "Sorry, sorry, I'll shut up," he muttered quickly, his thumb stroking the back of Billy's neck. Even with his *mouth full of cock*, Billy's cheeks and ears were heating more because of the gentle fingers on his head and neck, and Steve's soft, cut-off "—mm,"s and swallowed grunts.

Steve *smelled* good, even, because of the nice soap he had even in his locker at school, sweaty as he was. Steve's smell was already familiar from that afternoon, and Steve's arm around Billy all evening. Billy almost wished he could go back in time and tell himself *he'll let you. You don't have to hurt him, he'll let you touch, he'll be gentle, don't hurt him.*

He pulled off to cough, burying the sounds of his choking against Steve's thigh, as Steve curled around him. "...I think maybe you're not queer enough to take my dick," Steve whispered, snickering. Billy punched his leg, then again in the same spot, muffling his laughter against Steve's thigh and cock so his cheek got sticky with his own spit.

Steve grabbed his hand and twined their fingers together, patting Billy's hair with his free hand like Billy was a *pet*. Steve skritch'd behind his ears, and Billy laughed harder. His eyes were still watering from choking, and he drew a shaky breath before hissing, "I'm not a *cat*, Harrington."

"You sure *act* like one," Steve hissed back. "Growling like crazy under a deck!"

Annoyingly, like every time Steve Harrington touched him, it felt *good*. Billy narrowed his eyes, and grabbed Steve's dick again with the hand he wasn't *holding*. Billy sank his lips just down to where

they met his fingers, and stroked the King Harrington Cock with both. Steve moaned almost inaudibly, his head thumping down onto the bed, and Billy hummed smugly.

Like listening to music so loud his brain couldn't do anything else, or lifting weights until all he could think of was his burning muscles, sucking cock took up Billy's whole brain. He could only kind of breathe, and he was nestled between Steve's legs, and Steve's fingers were just...soothing on Billy's head. Some girlfriend must've threatened to break Steve's fingers sometime, Billy suspected. When Billy sucked *hard*, Steve's feet twitched, and he bit back *noises*, but his fingers stayed careful stroking through Billy's hair.

He came without warning, and Billy managed to mostly not make any *louder* noises than he was already. Steve only took a couple slow, shuddery breaths before he rolled onto his back. Billy coughed into the mattress, slowly registering Steve's hand still in his hair. "Okay," Steve mumbled, and Billy told him to shush.

He reached down with his spit-covered hand to wrap it around his own dick, letting Steve just keep holding the other one until he remembered to let go.

"Okay," Steve whispered, nodding. His eyes fluttered shut, but then he shook his head determinedly, and tugged at Billy's arm. "Up," he whispered.

"Kinda busy," Billy whispered back, but Steve tugged harder, so Billy scooted up, and Steve scooted *down*, and slid his hands around Billy's ass, pulling him close enough that Billy's cock bumped right up into *Steve Harrington's mouth*, and Billy nearly came on the spot.

"Holy fuck," he said aloud, flatly, and Steve started laughing so hard he had to pull off Billy's cock to cover his snickering. Billy couldn't help it, he smacked the side of Steve's head, lightly. "Who's queer enough *now*, hotshot," he hissed, feeling his heartbeat through the skin of his whole upper body.

"Sssssh!" Steve hissed back, running his knuckles, gently, up and down Billy's ass and thigh. "Don't make me fight your *dad*, Jesus. Sssshhh."

Billy snorted, his eyes blurring at the idea of his dad yanking him off the bed, and *punching* him, over and over and over. He made a weird snuffly noise, shivering, and Steve yanked him down into a *kiss*, stroking his hair.

“Ssh, ssh,” he whispered, *kissing* Billy, tongue and all, when Billy hadn’t even rinsed the jizz out of his mouth. Steve didn’t seem to care, cradling Billy’s head in his hands and licking deeper, and Billy squirmed in as close as he could.

“...god, maybe cannibals aren’t so bad,” he mumbled, yanking Steve’s head back in as he started to pull away.

“What,” Steve said, sounding disturbed.

“Got you in my bed,” Billy mumbled, rolling half on top of *King Steve Harrington*, and grinning down. He licked his lips.

“I-I don’t think that’s what eat me out means—” Steve started, and Billy kissed him again, taking probably the only chance he’d get to taste *all* of Steve Harrington, his mouth—still talking—his jaw, salty after two makeout sessions in June heat, and his neck, where his voice went breathy as Billy sucked at tender skin.

“...shut up,” Billy whispered, sitting up and swinging a leg over Steve.

Steve tensed, and grabbed Billy’s hands, holding them out. “Wait, fuck, no,” he hissed, but Billy just let him, leaning in to lap at the muscles in Steve’s neck.

“Just—lemme just—” Billy whispered, mostly ignoring his dick dribbling all over King Steve’s stomach. He concentrated on sucking a whole *constellation* of hickies down Steve Harrington’s neck that Billy would be able to appreciate in classes for *days*.

“...what are you *doing*,” Steve asked, huffing a kind of strangled laugh, and Billy kissed him again, humming into it. It turned into kind of a groan as Steve relaxed his arms, a little, not letting go, but folding his arms around Billy, their fingers twined, so Billy’s arms were folded behind his own back.

The motion let Billy's chest thump down onto Steve's, Billy's aching hard dick pressed against Steve's hardening one, and Billy squirmed, muffling his laugh against Steve's throat. "You're kinda confused, aren't you, Harrington," he whispered. "Lemme tell you 'bout the birds and the bees—"

"You're *confusing*," Steve whispered back. "What d'you even *want*—"

"This," Billy breathed. "—'n so do you, Harrington, letting *me* touch you— *god*—"

"Shut up," Steve sighed, and Billy snorted a laugh. He lifted his head to stare down at the muscles and stubble on the man in his bed—awkwardly, since he couldn't use his arms. Steve glared up at him, at first, then smiled, a little, when Billy licked his lips. He smirked when Billy ducked his head to mouth along the clean line of Harrington's jaw, and laughed softly as Billy squirmed up and kissed him again.

Billy finally worked his hands free, tugging as Steve's hands loosened, and Steve muffled his laughter as Billy explored *all* of him. Billy stroked his whole body, sucking everywhere Steve's skin looked soft until his grin was even softer, and his face felt hot against Billy's fingers. "...what are you doing," he mumbled again, as Billy buried his face in Steve's muscled, sweaty thighs.

"Whatever you'll let me," he whispered back, lifting his head, and then lowering it again to kiss sloppily down Steve's thigh. He jacked himself off almost as an afterthought, sliding Steve's hardening cock over his tongue for the second time that night.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy doesn't take loss well, but Steve Harrington is there.

Notes for the Chapter:

Billy grieves and blames himself really heavily in the short-term, more warnings in end notes if you want them

"...jesus," Steve panted, as they laid there, after. He stroked Billy's hair against his thigh, and sighed. "...y'know Nancy's smart," he said softly.

"What," Billy muttered, rolling his head to try and see Steve's face. He couldn't, not without lifting his head away from Steve's hand.

"She'd bring these movies over," Steve said, barely audible. "Film noir, she called 'em, it means black, black and white movies, y'know." Billy stopped kissing Steve's lower belly to frown for a second, because that sounded...off, but Steve was still talking. "They were always about detectives, these kinda...stupid heroes, y'know. These...dumbass..." he sighed. "Trying to—they'd try to help, and fuck it up. And there's always some *hot shithead* he falls for. He'd start the story and this *hottie* would like—saunter in, all—all *curls* and a low-cut shirt—"

Billy snorted, at that.

Steve ran his fingers through Billy's curls, scratching his head gently. "—and they always need *help*, y'know," he mumbled tiredly. "And—and the dumbfuck detective—he'd *fall* for it, you know, every time, and get *shot in the back*, or betrayed, like, to the mob. Because the hottie never actually *likes* the damn detective, the detective's just useful, for a minute, and the hottie is scared—" He sighed. "The detective's just some moron in over his head."

Billy hummed so Steve would know he was listening, but his mouth was busy putting a line of hickies down Steve's thigh.

"...I'll give you some money," Steve whispered. "If you need to get out've the house. If your dad tries...anything. You can at least get to a motel for a couple nights. I mean, you already fucking...shot me in the back once, right, how much worse can it be? Hit me in the head a few more times, right, I'm a dumbass *anyway*—"

Billy's heart thumped in his chest, and he lifted his head. "...what?"

"I'll give you enough money to get out for a few days. This is shitty, your dad's *shitty* to you. He's a shitty dad," Steve hissed. "I can get you enough to—I don't know, help, maybe, at least a little."

"...he-he's not shitty," Billy whispered, loyally. "M-my dad, he's not, he's not shitty." His voice was hoarse in his throat.

"So don't use it, then," Steve hissed back, and Billy *kissed* him. It was messy, because Billy suddenly couldn't *breathe*—his eyes blurred and spilled over, and his nose started running, and his lungs jerked and shuddered in his chest—but Steve kissed him back, tracing his fingers over the bruises up the back of Billy's neck.

The bed creaked under them again, and Steve grabbed Billy again, holding him still as their breathing slowly evened out. Billy didn't say anything, just lying there while his eyes dripped, Steve's arms clenched around him, until Steve's slow strokes against his hair grew even slower, and his hand finally rested, curled, against Billy's jaw.

When Billy lifted his head, he stuck to Steve's cheek, a bit, like his tears had glued them together. Steve's eyelashes looked long with his eyes closed, and Billy folded his arms across Steve's chest, propping his chin up to watch him breathe. "...what now, Harrington," he whispered, tired himself, but content. He hadn't missed that Steve hadn't offered to let Billy come to *his* house, or asked Billy to call, like Max could, but—remembering the bruises slowly fading from Steve's face—it was pretty weird he'd wanted to help at all.

Steve's hair was sweaty, curled against his forehead and around his ears, and Billy ran his fingers through the soft, clinging heat of it,

wondering whether he was allowed to—to just talk to Steve Harrington now, or whether everything really did stay here in his room, and Steve would go back to looking *through* him, once he wasn't bored, and putting on an act for Max. Billy could *ask*, he thought, as long as nobody was looking, see if Harrington was bored again.

Bored enough to want to touch Billy Hargrove.

He was laying there, thinking, feeling Steve's chest move under his own, when Max pounded on the door. "Steve," she hissed. "*Steve.*"

Steve groaned and rubbed his face, then blinked up at Billy, and Billy smiled, pushing himself up and off Steve's chest. "Max saw a *bird*, I bet," Billy whispered, as Max shook the doorknob.

"...eungh," Steve said, and Billy rolled his eyes, climbed over him, and opened the door enough to stick his face through.

"Open up," Max hissed, but Billy shoved back, holding it mostly closed.

"Wait a minute, he's getting his pants on," he hissed at her, glaring at Steve, who wasn't even sitting *up*. "Did you see Big Bird, Max?" Billy asked, and she kicked the door into his shoulder.

"I see a huge asshole," she hissed. "Get *Steve.*"

Steve finally swung his legs off the bed and stood, stretching. "...m coming," he mumbled, running his hands through his hair.

Billy shut the door, ignoring Max's squeak, and yanked the jizz-stained jeans back on that he'd tossed on the floor. "Put your damn pants on," he growled at Steve, who staggered over to where he'd folded them over his bag.

"Yeah," he mumbled, groaning, and Billy wondered when he'd *slept*, actually—it couldn't have been great sleeping in the *car*, and—he grabbed his watch, squinting at it in near-darkness to make out the hands marking half-past three in the morning. Billy grimaced,

watching Steve totter around and rub his face sleepily.

“...’m coming with you,” he whispered, and Steve’s head jerked up.

“...nah.” He laughed under his breath. “Nah, Billy, go back to bed.”

“I’m not *going back to bed*,” Billy hissed, kinda *offended*, and Steve started snickering as he grabbed his bat.

He wandered over and grabbed Billy before he opened the door, pulling his wallet out and grabbing Billy’s hand to press a wad of cash into it. “Here, hottie,” Steve whispered, his fingers lingering on Billy’s shoulders where he’d grabbed him. “If he starts being shitty again.”

Billy stared back, then scrambled to follow as Steve walked out the door.

Max grabbed Steve’s elbow the second she saw him, and drug him into the front room. She shoved the binoculars at him, taking shaking breaths into her cupped hands, and Steve looked through them, squeezing her shoulder.

“I called Hopper,” she whispered, and he nodded.

“...I can’t see anything, they’ve uh, they’ve moved,” he reported, and she made a little aborted scream noise in her throat, or maybe almost threw up, Billy thought, staring at her sidelong.

“...whose window is highest off the ground?” Steve whispered, glancing between them. “Go shut the door—”

“No!” Max and Billy hissed back, in unison, and then glared at each other. “...what are *you* doing,” Billy gritted out.

Steve rolled his shoulders. “I’m keeping an eye on the front door. It’s still the closest to the ground—”

“Don’t you *fucking dare* go out there,” Max told him, prodding him in the chest continuously. “Don’t you *fucking* walk out there, Steve

Harrington—don't even *think* about—”

“We don't even know where they are—” he began, reasonably, and then something *crashed through the front window*, to Max's left, and Steve spun smoothly and *clocked* it with the nailbat before Billy could even see what it *was*. It connected with a wet *whud* and sent the thing skidding across the floor on the broken glass, and Max *screamed*, lifting one of the chairs around the dinner table and bringing it down on the dark, dog-like shape. It was *huge*, and Billy froze, watching it scramble up as Harrington slid over and beat its *head* in. He brought the bat down twice, his silhouette graceful against the streetlit window.

The lights flipped on, and Billy turned jerkily, grabbing the table to steady himself as his dad stared at them over the twitching, hissing, *bluish* body of the monster-dog-thing on the kitchen floor.

“Sorry, Mr. Hargrove,” Steve said, turning back to the window, and stepping back over to Billy. “You all need to get to one of the rooms that's high up off the ground. Lock the door. The sheriff's on his way.”

“Why are you here,” Neil said softly, his eyes narrowed, as though that *mattered* when *monsters* were climbing in the windows.

“Just helping out,” Steve said, and Billy *laughed*— he couldn't help it.

He realized he'd gripped Steve's shoulder, and let go. “Birdwatching,” he whispered, giggling harder, and his dad stalked up to them.

“You knew about this,” Billy's dad said, his voice shaking with fury. “What is this?! Is my *family* in danger?”

“*Yeah*, he said *get in the back room*—” Max growled at him, just as Susan walked in and *shrieked*.

She ran to Max, breathing with sobbing breaths, grabbing Max's head and turning her to check everywhere.

“Get in Max's room,” Neil told her, pointing. “Take Max—” but

Susan ignored him, running to *Billy*, who froze while she held his arms, and then grabbed his face with both hands.

“Are you all right,” she choked out, staring at Steve, then, her eyes scanning him head to toe. She relaxed, a little, at the sight of his bat, and then frowned up at Billy. “*Billy*, are you *hurt*?” He shook his head, wordlessly, and she yanked his arm. “Come on,” she whispered, like her throat was closing. “Billy, honey, Steve—Max—we have to—”

“I’m staying out here, ma’am,” Steve told her, twirling the bat around his hand like he wasn’t even aware of it, and Billy wanted to slam him into a wall and lick his whole upper body.

“Ungh,” he said, instead of words.

Susan shook her head. “That’s—”

“There’s another one!” Max yelled, and Susan tried to haul Billy over to grab Max, but when they got close to the window, Steve shoved Billy behind him as another thing started climbing through the broken window and screamed a feedbacky high note that had them all reflexively covering their ears—except Steve.

He brought the bat down before it was halfway through, smashing its freaky flowering head like he was *used* to this, and Billy stared at him, his brain drowning in questions about why Steve Harrington knew how to handle—things—and why *Max* knew, and—he took a steadying breath and grabbed a chair, hefting it by the back to bring it down on the thing coming through the window.

He brought it down again, and then the chair *broke*, falling apart in his hands, and he beat it with the seat and back until *that* broke and Steve yanked him away, grabbing Billy’s face. He whispered, “It’s dead, Billy, it’s dead, breathe—breathe now—” until Billy could hear him.

Billy nodded, registering that he was sweaty again, and shaking, and his dad was yelling at Steve. Steve didn’t really seem to notice, but Billy’s dad demanded Steve’s bat, and Steve shook his head. Susan and Max both had stuff in their hands—Susan the whiskey bottle off

the sideboard, and Max another chair.

“Get the girl out of here!” Neil shouted at Susan, who let Billy push her towards Max. Max was yelling at Neil too, but Susan shook Billy’s shoulder.

“Stay *safe*,” she told him, her eyes red and wet. “I can’t *pick you up* and take you where it’s *safe*—”

“Yes’m,” he promised, laughing in a high unnatural voice. She bit her lips, squeezing his arm, and he pushed her towards Max again.

She grabbed Max around the waist, ignoring Neil, and they were gone before he got another sentence out. Billy heard Max’s bedroom door slam, and her swearing went a little quieter.

“...the sheriff will be here soon, sir,” Steve told Neil. Billy staggered over and grabbed the fireplace poker, flipping it in his hand so the heavy cast iron ball was on the hitting end, and when he looked over, Steve met his eyes and smirked.

“What difference does that make to *me*,” Billy’s dad hissed, stalking towards Steve, and Billy ran over without even thinking to stand next to King Steve Harrington, not pointing his poker *at* his dad, but holding it up.

He couldn’t quite meet his dad’s eyes, not after the monsters came through their windows, and not when his whole body felt shaky. “Tire iron,” he said hoarsely. “In the garage. Golf club. Or—or you could—”

Another dog-monster shrieked outside, and Billy silently handed over the poker. His dad yanked it out of his hand, shoving him back and walking to the window—but the thing came through the unbroken glass of the *other* window, closer to Billy and Steve, and Steve slipped on the broken glass for a second, stumbling.

Billy grabbed the vase—off the mantel—the container of shells he and Max had collected before they left California, and brought it down on the thing’s spine. Shells flew everywhere, glittering and bloody, and it staggered and fell in the piled shells and broken glass.

Steve had scrambled over by then, and he brought the bat down on its head as Billy grabbed his fifteen-pound dumbbells. They finished it off between them, and got the table shoved in front of one window. They propped the end of the couch up in the other, and Billy's dad paced.

"How long have you known about this," he hissed at Billy, who had his weights now, and snarled back.

"I didn't *fucking* know," he insisted. "I *didn't*, christ—"

"I signed a contract with the government," Steve said apologetically, and they both turned to stare at him. "I'm not allowed to tell anyone."

"...what the fuck," Billy breathed, as his dad growled and threw the door open, glaring around outside.

"Don't, shut the door, come *back*—" Steve shouted. "Mr. Hargrove!"

"We got them all," Billy's dad called back at them, and Steve drug Billy to the door, grabbing at Neil Hargrove's arm, but he hit Steve's hand away.

"We didn't, they're smart, come back!" Steve yelled. "He's gonna die out there," he told Billy, his hand on Billy's hand, then his shoulder, then his face, and Billy realized Steve was checking him for injuries.

"I'm fine," he whispered, watching King Steve Harrington's intent face.

"We'll have to go haul him back," Steve told him, glancing at where Neil stood, well lit under a streetlight. "They'll have him surrounded —" he cut off, and Billy saw what he saw, a dark shape keeping the cars between it and Billy's dad.

"Mr. Hargrove!" Steve yelled, taking a few steps out amidst the sounds of crashing and screams down the block. "Come back—"

"Don't give me orders," Neil said in a calm, clear voice, lighting a cigarette as another dog-thing stepped out from behind the neighbor's fence, and a third jumped on top of a car across the

street. Steve swore in a jumble of words and ran across the lawn, dragging Billy, and yelling as the one closest to them lunged and took Billy's dad's extended arm off at the elbow.

Neil screamed, dropping the poker, and stumbled backwards, spraying blood *everywhere* and trying to *punch* the nearest demon dog thing. Billy heard himself make a strangled noise, stumbling forward as another one jumped on his father's chest, and Neil dropped out of sight behind a parked car.

Steve took a deep breath, looking around them for more, and Billy yanked him back, throwing a dumbbell at the closest dog thing. He yelled incoherently as the one on the car roof jumped and they heard crunching.

His dad kept *screaming*, and Steve tried to pull away and *run into them*, but Billy saw another one creeping around the house, so he grabbed Steve and hauled him *inside*. He slammed the door between them and the monsters, locking his father outside, and tried to breathe.

Steve tried to shove him away, and open the door.

"*Stop!*" Billy shouted in Steve's face, shoving him back against the door. "*Stop, you'll die, jesus christ—*"

"Like you give a *shit—*" Steve yelled back, "*—get out of the way, he's still out there—*"

Billy flinched, but shook him again. "Don't you fucking *dare* go out there *—don't—* stay here, stay in here," he panted, cupping Steve's face to *feel* the unbroken skin, and seeing the blood pour from his dad's arm on constant replay in his head.

"Your *dad*," Steve choked out.

"Don't go out there," Billy told him, "*—you—you'll get hurt—you'll die, you—*"

"Like you give a *shit* about that," Steve laughed shakily, yanking at the doorknob, and Billy flattened him against the door with his whole weight. Steve squirmed, panting. "You beat my *skull* in—" he

shouted, "Let me *out*—"

"I'm *sorry!*" Billy shouted back, holding him in place. "I'm so *fucking sorry*, I didn't—don't go out there, you'll die, I was—I don't *want you to die*, you *can't go out there*—I'm *sorry* I'm a *shithead*, I was wrong, I was *wrong*—" He gripped both of Steve's arms, and a loud scraping thud jarred the door. "FUCK OFF, I'M APOLOGIZING," he yelled, shoving Steve away from the door, and fumbling to set the deadbolt and the security chain. "God damn...monsters," he panted, reaching out in the dark and pulling Steve close again, to breathe into his shoulder.

"Your dad—your *dad*, I—shit, I'm sorry, fuck—" Steve gasped unevenly. "Fuck, I'm so—I should've-should've been faster, shit—"

"No, what the fuck were you doing," Billy said hoarsely. His eyes were streaming and blurry, and his lungs were shuddering, but weirdly, he felt perfectly calm. "What the *fuck* were you doing, running out there." They could still hear his dad screaming, he registered, vaguely, until it stopped. "Can't believe you *ran out there*," Billy muttered.

"I told you I'd keep them all safe," Steve whispered, and Billy kissed him, firmly, holding him in place, because apparently Steve *needed* somebody holding onto him. Steve shuddered against him. "I'm so fucking sorry," Steve told him, his voice choked, and Billy clenched his fingers tighter in Steve's biceps, and kissed him again, licking into his warm mouth before pulling back.

"...he wouldn't listen," Billy whispered, feeling acid in his stomach and throat, as he remembered the *sounds*. He still felt calm, but he shivered for no reason, and Steve put both arms around him. Billy drew deep breaths against his skin, smelling old cologne. "He wouldn't listen," he told Steve Harrington, local hero, and himself.

"He just *ran out there*?" Max asked, as they sat in the back of the ambulance, once Hopper and his deputies emptied their guns into the monsters, running around after everything was over, like the police in *Clue*. "He died like he lived, then," she sighed. "An *asshole* who

didn't listen to *anybody*."

Billy started laughing, then, and he couldn't stop.

"I'm so *fucking* sorry," Steve said *again*, his shoulders hunched, and Billy elbowed him, hard.

"Fuck you, Steve, *I'm* sss..." he trailed off, staring into Steve's dark eyes, and remembering him standing *between* Billy and a bunch of scared kids, at the Byers'. The bat had been there, he realized. Steve had been watching the bushes. "God," Billy whispered. "I didn't just almost kill *you*. They were out there, weren't they? I almost killed *everyone*, fuck—"

"Dipshit," Max put in, huddling in her shock blanket, and Billy swallowed back his apologies again, biting his lips.

"*You* didn't get anybody *killed*," Steve sighed, and Billy *growled*.

"Look," he hissed, and then his brain blanked when Steve turned to face him, his hair tousled from fighting, and sleeping in Billy's bed. His eyes were red, and his lips were shiny and pink where he'd been biting them. "Uh. Shut up," Billy said shakily. "You—you tried to help. You tried to help *me*, after I—jesus, I'm—I'm so *fucking* sorry, Harrington." Steve shook his head, opening his mouth to *argue* more, and Billy slammed his hands down on the bed of the ambulance to either side of his butt. "I was *shitty*, and wrong," he hissed. "Shouldn't've laid *hands* on you, fuck."

At that, Steve looked even *more* guilty and confused, pulling back, and Billy groaned, ready to just kiss him in front of god and the EMTs, but the sheriff walked up, and Steve scrambled to his feet to answer questions.

Billy felt...wooden, the next day, like none of him wanted to move—nerveless, and heavy, rooted into his bed. He stalked out of his room and out to his car when he heard Susan and Max both at the far end of his house, his stomach clenching as he wondered whether Susan would throw him *out* for letting her *husband* die, or just for being the

kind of son that didn't even try to help. The kind of person his dad had always *known* he was, a whiny piece of shit who just watched, and cried. *Steve* had tried to help, Billy reminded himself, and his vision went blurry *again*.

Billy's head throbbed, and his stomach growled, but he sat through his classes, keeping his head down. Steve walked by a couple of times, but he didn't stop to talk—or drag Billy around a corner and kiss him, petting his hair. Billy wanted to go stand in front of Steve's locker, just so Steve would have to move him away. Maybe, Billy thought, staring as he wrote the date that an essay was due on his hand. He pressed the pen in *hard*, so it jerked across his muscles and tendons, and he *felt* it, dully. *Maybe*, after seeing Billy let his own father die alone in the street, maybe Steve wouldn't be gentle with him anymore.

He and Steve *showered* at the same time, surrounded by other guys talking. If Billy hadn't been thinking about the cold, shocky clamminess of Steve's skin while they listened to a man get eaten alive, Billy probably would have gotten hard.

The locker room had cleared fast, it felt like, as Billy came to himself in front of his locker, shivering and dripping. He remembered to move his towel around, instead of just staring into the empty space above his clenched hands. His head ached, and he gritted his teeth, clenching his toes against the rubber mats *partly* because he needed to remind himself he was *at school*, and not *useless* at his house in the middle of the night, and partly because the floor was feeling a little uneven. He'd been stumbling all morning.

He finally cornered Steve in the hall during lunch.

"...you need more money?" Steve asked. His voice was kinda rough, and Billy's eyes stung.

He stopped, and dug out his wallet. "No, here," he said, holding out the bills Steve had handed him the night before. The thought that he'd never need the motel money—never frustrate or *please* his dad, ever again—took his ability to breathe, for a second. He stopped to press his jacket sleeve across his eyes and bite his lips for a long second, but once he got it together, he flapped the money at Steve. "I

don't—I won't need it, now." He cleared his throat.

"...that all you want?" Steve said warily, and Billy nodded, taking stock of Harrington's tired, suspicious face, and stalking away.

He got in his car after school and stared at the steering wheel. His dad wasn't coming back after work to ask where he was if he just...didn't go home, and the guilt at that thought threatened to *drown* him. He took deep, shuddery breaths into his arms, and then glared at Max when she climbed in. He wiped his eyes.

"The fuck are you crying about," she scoffed, putting her seatbelt on. "Mom says to take me home."

"...the fuck do I care," Billy asked, raising his eyebrows, and Max glared at him.

"You gonna keep eating her food?"

"Not if I don't have to," he told her, pulling out of the parking spot, and she snorted.

"She's a good cook. She used to make *good* food."

"Mmn," Billy said, remembering Susan's sighs over the meat loaf, and feeling like the shittiest son in the world.

"What's up with you and Steve?" Max asked, as Billy rounded a corner, and he nearly went off the road.

"Shut up," he said thickly.

"It's something," she muttered, glaring over. "Did he figure out you're queer?"

Billy screeched to a stop, the engine dying as his heart thudded in his chest. He stared over at her. She sighed, grabbed a napkin from the takeout trash on the back seat, and shoved it at his face.

"Blow your nose, christ," she said, but her voice sounded thick with

tears too, and she grabbed another for herself.

“He gonna tell anyone?” she asked hoarsely, and Billy flinched, remembering King Steve laughing with the team. Max watched his face. “He—he wouldn’t. Right?”

“...I better talk to him,” he said, starting the car again, and trying to remember where Steve Harrington’s house was.

“How’d he even find *out*?” she glared over, and punched his arm. “You got *Playgirls* lying around? Jesus, Billy.”

Billy laughed a little hysterically, remembering the king of Hawkins High sitting on him, and whispering against his ear. Steve had thought it was hot, he was pretty sure, at least hot in how much Billy had *wanted* him, while they were still cut off from the world. Steve had probably thought he might die, Billy realized, gritting his teeth. “...I made it kinda obvious,” he admitted. “Having him in my room.”

“You were giving him goddamn *cow eyes* all night,” she told him, and his fingers clenched on the steering wheel as his face heated. “What’d he say?”

“...nothing really,” Billy realized, thinking back through rising dread. “He—he said m—” he took a breath, setting his jaw. “He said my dad was shitty,” he forced out, “—that he’d help. Help me.”

“Did he *help*?!” Max yelled, turning to stare at him. “Did—did you *shove Neil outside*—”

“We couldn’t *s-stop* him,” Billy tried to yell back, but his throat closed around the words, and he ended on a whisper.

“...I didn’t think so,” Max said, settling back in her seat. “...you should probably—I can threaten him, if you want.” She folded her arms, narrowing her eyes.

“...I stopped Steve from going,” Billy told her, keeping his voice level. “From—from running out. Once—once h-he was—surrounded. So—” he laughed, licking the tears off his lips. “—yeah, I guess, I did kill him. I didn’t go out there. I didn’t let Steve help.”

They were silent for several minutes, and then Max took a deep breath. “No, that’s dumb,” she declared. “The hell were you supposed to do, die with your dad? Tie him up? Don’t be *dumb*, Billy. Want me to threaten Steve?”

Billy snickered, and she punched him in the shoulder.

“I’ll do it,” she told him. “I’ll kick his ass. I can do it.”

Billy nodded. “...I know, *jesus*. I—I need to...talk to him.” He grimaced. “I guess.”

“We could just beat him up,” Max suggested, smacking her fist into her hand.

“What about next time you want him to come guard your mom?” Billy asked her, laughing, and Max shot him a glower.

“Try telling him you aren’t queer, you were just...birdwatching,” she suggested. “He’s kinda dumb, he might be confused enough he forgets.”

“Hey, isn’t that the bullshit you tried to sell *me*,” he shot back, raising his eyebrows, and she shrugged, grinning out the window. Billy slowed as he approached their street, and tried not to look at the road where his dad had been *eaten*. “I’ll—get him alone,” Billy said, his voice failing a little as he drove by the place he’d let his dad die, protecting a guy who wished he didn’t exist.

“Break his kneecaps,” she hissed, smacking her fist into her hand, and Billy laughed harder.

“Maybe,” he told her, parking around the side of the house.

“Lemme know if you need me to distract him,” she said, and Billy leaned his face against the steering wheel, snickering.

“Didn’t know you had it in for Harrington,” he said, and she shrugged as they climbed out.

“Didn’t get to fight anything,” she growled, narrowing her eyes at the house.

Billy went in and dropped on his bed. It smelled like Harrington, and he rolled over to breathe it in, squirming against the sheets.

About an hour later, Max came and banged on the door, and Billy ignored her, lying there with his stomach growling, imagining Susan's face as she thought about who *should* have died, the night before. He was curled up with his face in the blankets when he heard the *drill* outside, and he sat up to stare at the door, listening to screws in wood. He didn't really feel *anything* about it, just a vague question in his head whether they remembered he could climb out the window, or just expected him to starve, with his door screwed shut. So they *did* know who should have died, he thought, laughing into his folded arms.

Somebody knocked again, and he swallowed, clearing his throat. "Y-yeah," he whispered.

"Can I come in?" came Susan's voice, and Billy snickered, wiping his eyes. They wouldn't stop just— *leaking*.

"I dunno," he said hoarsely. "Can you open the door?"

"...we took the padlock off," she said, and Billy's heart started again. It felt like a *thunk* to his chest, and he gasped, wiping his face.

"Jesus christ," he mumbled. "Shit. Come in or whatever."

Susan came in, squinting into his dark room, the light of the hallway behind her. "...you...okay, honey?" she asked cautiously, and he bit his lips together, not thrilled with the idea of her hearing the weird thing his lungs kept doing. "...Billy?" she tried, and he swung his legs out of bed, staggering to his feet to stand by the window where she could kinda see him.

He shrugged.

"There's dinner," she said, and his stomach growled, *again*.

"You don't have to keep feeding me," Billy told her, swallowing. "I-I'll get a job. I can pay rent." He wished he hadn't paid Harrington

back, suddenly, imagining having something to bargain with, so she'd give him time to find someplace else to stay. "Give me a-a week," he whispered, rubbing his face with his sleeves. "I'll get something."

"...Billy," she said softly, stepping towards him, and he flinched back like a pussy.

"Are you throwing me out," he asked, keeping his voice basically steady.

"*Billy*, no," she whispered, walking up and grabbing his hand. "Did—do I—" she stared up at him, her face as red and tear-streaked as his probably was. "Do you really think I'd throw you out?" she asked, blankly.

"I'm sorry I lived," he told her, in a rush. "I-I'm so fucking sorry, I-I could've shoved Steve back in. I could have run out, I—I should've—He shouldn't've died alone—I'm *stuck* here—I should have *died*, I should've died with—" he *oof'd* as she hugged him.

"Don't ever say that," she whispered, squeezing him. It sounded like she was crying too. "Don't *ever* say that, don't—"

"Sorry," Billy whispered, and she pulled back to press a finger over his mouth.

"Do not be sorry," she told him, her voice shaking. "Don't *ever* be sorry for—for *living*—"

"...easier for everyone if I hadn't," he told her, laughing—he'd really missed an opportunity, he thought, depending on your perspective. Harrington wouldn't have to be as wary, and Max would probably inherit his car.

Susan sort of...mumbled incoherently, staring up at him. "I made tacos," she whispered. "I-I know you—you miss the—the tacos. From home. I—I tried to make you the tacos."

"...tacos," Billy repeated.

"Time to make something *you* like," she said, glancing around, her shoulders raised in the pose he remembered every time she heard his

dad's voice. "Thanks for trying to keep us safe." Billy snorted, remembering Steve twirling his bat. "Thank you for saving your friend Steve," she said seriously, and Billy nodded, shrugging. "...how is he?" she asked, and Billy let a breath out like she'd punched him, trying to laugh.

"He fuckin...saw me kill my dad," Billy whispered, feeling the heat of tears trailing down his cheeks again as his eyes blurred. "He wishes I'd fucking *died*."

"You did not kill him," she whispered back, her eyes fixing in the middle distance. "I—I saw the—you could not have—there wasn't anything you could *do*."

Billy thought about the way Steve had edged away from him, and thought that was probably wrong. "I coulda led them off, maybe," he told her, as tears dripped down his chin. "Not just—I-left him."

"...Neil didn't listen to anybody," Susan said thickly. "Steve told me what happened. You-you did the only thing you *could* have done, Billy. You did the *right thing*," she said, wiping her eyes with her sleeve, then reaching up to wipe his. "You live here, you—you're *welcome* here," she whispered fiercely. "I'm so glad you're okay."

Billy laughed again, wiping his face, but he let her drag him out to try her tacos.

They reminded him of the taco truck down the street from their house in California, and he chewed like he was in a trance as Max sung their praises. "She went to a Mexican market in Chicago today," she announced, her eyes darting between Billy and her mother. "She wanted to cheer us up." They were both staring at him expectantly, and he finally said they were good, feeling lost.

After dinner, he stuck around, and helped Max pick up the shells from the vase he'd broken, and wash off the demon dog blood, leaning over the sink where Steve had washed the stain out of the tablecloth the night before.

"*Billy*," Max shouted, right in his ear, and he nearly dropped the bowl of shells. "Jesus, just go *talk* to him," she hissed. "You're staring into

space.” Billy shook his head, and then they both heard Susan’s voice over by the phone.

“May I—is this Steve? Hi, hon, this is Susan Hargrove, Billy’s mom?”

“Jesus fuck,” Billy hissed, glaring at the wall as his heart started pounding. “She’s trying to set up a—a goddamn— *playdate*.”

“We were wondering whether you’d want to play *Trivial Pursuits* again,” Susan asked, and then said, “...oh,” and then, “—something else then, *Life*, or—” and Billy’s stomach spiralled downwards.

“Shit,” he growled, rubbing his face. “Fuck. Why did I even— *damn* it,” he hissed, listening. It was *just like* Steve Harrington, he thought, to tell Susan what she wanted to hear so Billy could stay, and keep his real opinion to himself. He shoved the plate he was drying at Max and stalked back to his room, listening to Susan trying to convince Steve to give him another chance.

Billy crawled back in bed, pulling the blanket over his head as he buried his face in his pillow. His throat hurt, his head throbbed, and his lungs *ached*, but he couldn’t help crying *again*, breathing Steve Harrington’s shampoo, and wishing they’d just been fucking *birdwatching*, all along.

He didn’t know how much later it was that something thwacked against his window.

“Billy,” came Steve’s voice, and Billy jerked upright, glaring over, and scrubbing his face with his sleeves. He waited, his heart thudding in his chest as the fan dried his cheeks, and the heat built up in his clothes under the blankets started to fade. He was about to curl into the blankets again, or just— *break* things, maybe, just throw his stereo through the *fucking window* because who *fucking* gave a shit, when he heard it again, and his lungs bucked in his chest. “*Billy*.”

“...Harrington?” he called back, softly.

“Come here,” Harrington hissed, and Billy pushed himself up, wondering crazily whether Harrington had driven all the way over to *throw* something at him. He wandered over to kneel with his arms

folded on the windowsill.

Sure enough, it was Harrington.

"Your mom tried to get me to come and play *board games*," he hissed up, and Billy swallowed, nodding. "She made it sound like she really *wanted* me here."

"...I can stay in my room, I don't give a shit," Billy told him, truthfully, because he couldn't imagine feeling *worse*. "If you don't wanna see me."

"I just wanted to ask," Steve stage-whispered, cupping his hands around his mouth, and Billy couldn't help huffing a laugh. "D'you mind if I come over?"

Billy licked his lips, thinking. "You gonna ignore me?" he asked, finally, his voice so hoarse it sounded ridiculous. "I'll—I'll find somewhere else to be if you're gonna act like you do at school."

"...what," Steve said, forgetting to cup his mouth, and Billy shrugged.

"D'you wanna come up," he asked, since he had nothing to lose. "You haven't fucked my ass yet."

"...Billy," Steve said, staring up at him, and Billy licked his lips again, rubbing his face.

"Tell me what you *fucking want*, Harrington," he hissed. "Why are you here? You don't talk to me, I'll stay away, what—" he waved his hand behind him, "—what happened in here *stays* here, I *get* it, why —"

"...you want me to talk to you at school?" Steve asked, blinking. Billy laughed, dropping his face into his arms, and Steve smacked the side of the house. "Billy!" he hissed. "Billy, come on."

"Why are you here, Harrington," he asked thickly. "Just...talk."

"I didn't want to just—come over after I let your dad get killed," Steve said, softly enough that Billy leaned out to hear it. "I didn't

want you to have to sit across the table from me after I fucked up that bad.”

“What?!! Fuck you, that’s not what *fucking* happened,” Billy spat at him. “I *fucking* drug you back inside, I should have gone *out* there, don’t—don’t *fucking* act like—I *fucking know* I shouldn’t be here, asshole, don’t even—” He’d gotten on a roll, expecting Steve to *deny* it like a goddamn hero, or tell him it was actually fine he’d survived in lackluster tones, but Steve just frowned up like a confused cartoon dog, and Billy lost steam, groaning into his arms.

“...huh?” Steve asked. “Wait, you’re not—you’re not mad, *jesus*. You —” he ran his fingers through his hair, opening and closing his mouth. “You still...wanna kiss me?” he asked doubtfully, and Billy leaned out again, squinting down.

“...you want that?” he asked, wiping his nose with a snort. “Like...you come over, I suck you off, sometimes? I can do that—”

“Oh *jesus christ*,” came a yell from Max’s room, and her window slammed shut, but Billy wasn’t *about* to get distracted now.

“No,” said Steve, blinking over at her window. “No, here, pull me up.” He held a hand up, and Billy reached down to grab it, yanking him up as he kicked against the side of the house. Steve clambered through, stood, and yanked Billy into a kiss, cupping the back of his head, and stroking his back.

Billy leaned into it, registering that his hands were shaking again. He grabbed Harrington back, around the neck, and let himself sink into soft kisses, and the warmth of Harrington’s mouth and arms.

He tried to just lean on Harrington, but felt himself steered backwards towards the bed until the backs of his knees hit it, and he let himself be pushed back onto the mattress.

“Okay,” Harrington whispered, frowning down at him, and Billy snickered, feeling a little bouyed at the knowledge that Steve didn’t think Billy was a murderer. “Okay, you—you *like* this,” he said, scooting aside so Billy could lie down entirely on the bed, and then swinging a leg over him again. He was blushing, grinning a little

evilly, Billy thought, but he was still *gentle*.

"Yeah," Billy laughed, nearly inaudibly. He could already feel his cheeks heating.

"Pushing you around," Steve whispered, leaning forward to lie on his chest, and cradle his head. "Holding you where I want you."

"Whatever you want," Billy whispered, and got a kiss, and Steve's calloused thumbs stroking across his cheeks.

"Jesus, you been crying your eyes out," Steve commented, and Billy smacked his arm.

"Shut up."

"Okay, gonna push you around with something else," Steve said, narrowing his eyes. "You gotta believe me about something, even if you think it's dumb."

Billy frowned warily, glaring up at Steve's solemn face. "...about *what*, Harrington."

"Not telling," Steve told him, combing his fingers through Billy's hair where it fanned out on his pillow. "You gonna let me?"

"What is it," Billy asked, his stomach sinking through his spine, through the bed, and down into the cold earth. "Just fucking tell me, just—"

Steve licked up the tear leaving a wet trail towards Billy's ear, and kissed along his jaw, soft, open-mouthed kisses. "Tell me you'll do as you're told," he whispered, and Billy whined in the back of his throat.

"Fuck you, Harrington," he grunted, squirming, then moaned aloud as King Steve Harrington bit gently at his ear and the soft skin under his jaw. He tried to rock his hips into Steve's, but Steve braced his knees to either side of Billy's thighs, and Billy raised his hips against nothing. He groaned. "*Fuck* you, Harrington," he hissed, closing his eyes, and gripping Steve's arms. "What d'you want me to say?"

"You gonna...say it?" Steve asked, sliding his hands down to unbutton Billy's shirt, and kiss across his chest. "Come on...Billy," he whispered against Billy's nipple, damp from his mouth. Billy arched into his touch, panting. "You'd trust me pushing you into the garage, right? Push you into a shelf." His breath down by Billy's bellybutton *ticked*, and Billy yelped, squirming and giggling, and tense.

The idea of *Steve* pushing him against the shelves was...different. He shivered, imagining being cornered for warm hands and kisses, but *saying things* with the person holding him down just had him remembering being shoved against the window, with his dad making him repeat apologies. "Let me," Steve whispered, mouthing along his abs, and Billy groaned.

"You'll fuck me afterwards," Billy told him, feeling *sick*. "I'll say what you want—but then—"

"And believe me," Steve whispered, and Billy laughed roughly, and quirked his mouth, waiting for the guillotine blade to slide through his skin and bone. Steve's hands slid up and down his sides, catching as Billy's skin went cold and clammy.

It wasn't that he *trusted* Steve Harrington, he didn't say, it was that if he got slapped, he didn't give a shit, and the kisses felt incredibly good.

"You gonna believe me? Keep saying it," Steve said, cupping Billy's jaw again. He looked worried, more than anything. "You have to agree with me, it's—it's a rule," he said, and Billy snorted a laugh, he looked so earnest.

"Shoot," Billy told him, actually feeling a little better about it, as Steve squirmed restlessly, frowning.

"Okay," Steve whispered, brightening into a grin. "Yesterday wasn't your fault."

"What," Billy laughed. His throat felt raw.

"You promised," Steve reminded him. "Nothing was *your* fault." He grimaced down at himself, sighing.

“...wasn’t...my fault,” Billy muttered, grimacing. “Sure, okay, now fuck me.”

“No, that didn’t sound good enough,” Steve told him, smacking Billy’s stomach lightly, so Billy let out a startled snort. “Come on, you *saved my life*, *jesus*.”

“...my dad wouldn’t *fucking listen* and it wasn’t my fault,” Billy gritted out. Steve flopped on top of him, expelling all the breath from Billy’s body, sliding his arms under Billy’s head to *hug* him.

“Say it again,” Steve told him, and Billy took a shaky breath, feeling like he was about to get struck with some kind of...disloyalty lightning.

“You tried to tell him, and he went out there anyway,” he rasped out. “He—died alone out there,” he whispered, shutting his eyes, and then felt Steve’s lips against his.

“You did good,” Steve whispered, sighing, once he’d lifted his head. “...so goddamn sorry that...I—I thought you probably wouldn’t even *need* me. Max had Hopper go look around that first night, and I was—I was just there in case—cause she’d seen *something*— I’m so—*shit*,” he sighed, and Billy slid his arms up, feeling Steve tense.

He slid his arms around King Steve’s waist, and Steve relaxed on top of him, sighing. “You ain’t shit,” Billy told him, grinning, and he could *feel* Steve thinking.

“I can’t tell if you’re being nice to me or being a dickhead,” Steve said, muffled into Billy’s neck.

“I can be both,” Billy told him, and Steve snickered. “I got some expertise, Harrington.”

“Yeah, sure,” Steve snorted, squirming again, a little, like a *puppy*, and Billy bit his lips, his whole body heating with idiotic fondness. “Anyway,” Steve mumbled. “Can’t be *your* fault your dad got killed. I knew what was going on, I shoulda caught him— *stopped* him, I told you I’d keep him *safe*—”

“I didn’t *let* you—there was nothing you could’ve—” Billy groaned,

feeling like they were arguing in a circle. He tried to think *logically* about the night before, about his dad shaking them off, stalking off down the steps and outside, and Steve yelling warnings. Billy took a deep breath. "...maybe it was h-his fault, Harrington," he whispered, and he felt Steve shaking his head, pulling away to argue. "No, listen," Billy insisted, his voice breaking. "If—if it wasn't me. It wasn't—no, shut up, it wasn't you, fuck. Then—then it was *his* fault, just—just like Max says."

Steve raised his head, propping his chin up on Billy's chest to watch his face. "I knew he was a shithead going in," Steve said, shrugging, and frowning away. "I *knew* he'd fuck with you, or—or do some stupid shit, I thought I could—I'm so fucking sorry—" He stopped mid-sentence, swallowing hard, and Billy pushed himself up on his elbows to kiss him. Steve's weight was comforting and warm, like the rest of him.

"Not our fault," Billy declared shakily. "His fault. Not our fault." It was hard to force the words out, but Steve's eyes widened, and his mouth quirked, a little, into a smile. "We couldn't do anything," Billy said, just breath, because his voice failed, but Steve hugged his head and shoulders again, kissing his cheek and ear.

"You didn't even know what the hell was happening," Steve groaned, and Billy snorted a laugh, sliding his hand around the swell of Steve's ass, and squeezing.

"If it's not my fault it's not yours either," Billy told him, feeling him shake with laughter. "Not our fucking fault."

"Not our fault," Steve repeated with a deep sigh. He just laid on top of Billy for a few minutes, and Billy's eyes started to drift shut. All the tension of the last couple days was draining, like Steve's weight was pressing it out, and even his half-hard dick didn't feel urgent. "Shit, it worked," Steve said suddenly, pushing himself up with an elbow in Billy's chest, and Billy grunted.

"*What*," he growled, rubbing his face.

"I made you say good things, and you feel better," Steve said smugly, and Billy sighed, sliding his hand around the back of Steve's head and

mashing it back into his shoulder.

“Go to fucking sleep,” Billy muttered. “You look like shit too.”

“Fuck you very much, man,” Steve mumbled, but sighed contentedly.

Steve got up to sneak to the bathroom in the middle of the night, and Billy got up to strip down, finally. He didn’t wanna think about a lot of shit with his dad, but he could take his jeans off, curl back up in bed, and not feel shaky and nauseous with guilt, which was something.

The door creaked as Steve re-entered, and tripped over Billy’s jeans. Billy sniggered as Steve peeled out of *his* clothes and slide in to curl around him, muscled and warm. The touch of Steve Harrington’s skin woke his *dick* up, and he tried not to tense, but Steve just kissed his neck, warm and wet, and slid his hand down and around Billy’s cock. He was so *warm* it made sweat start up on Billy’s whole body, like a California summer, and he leaned back into it, turning his head for a kiss.

“...so you want me to keep coming around,” Steve whispered against his ear, and Billy’s breath caught. He bucked his ass up against Steve’s dick and found it encouragingly hard.

“...that— *unh*. That an option?” Billy panted, cautiously, his brain whirling with Steve’s hand on him. “I know I-I’m not...” he trailed off, aware of all the things he wasn’t, like somebody Steve trusted, or anybody with tits.

“...what do you want, Billy?” Steve sighed, and Billy swallowed, shutting his eyes tightly. “Come on.” He let go for a second to grab the lotion where they’d wedged it between the bedframe and the mattress before, and Billy grabbed it, squeezing it out and reaching behind him to slick up his ass cheeks and then rub his crack along Steve’s dick. Steve grunted, twitching, and groaned softly into Billy’s hair.

“You can rub off on me,” Billy told him. “Come on.”

“...okay,” Steve said softly. He sounded a little...defeated, Billy thought, even if he reached back around Billy with his hand slicked up, and jerked his dick, so Billy was sandwiched in his heat. Steve threw a leg over Billy’s legs to hold him still, breathing heavily against his hair and neck between kisses. Billy was just starting to lose himself in the hot mouth against his neck, the hard cock rubbing up his ass and lower back, Steve’s arm under him holding him close, and Steve’s other arm around him, jacking his cock, when all motion *stopped*. “Billy, what do you *want*,” Steve hissed in his ear, and Billy couldn’t even *elbow* him to get away, not with Steve’s arms locked around his own.

“What the hell are you trying to get me to say,” he panted. “Tell me what you wanna hear, *jesus*—”

“What do you *want* from me,” Steve asked, more gently, kissing his hair again. “Come on, damn. What do you want?” Billy tried, half-heartedly, to squirm loose, and groaned. “...just a fuck?” Steve asked softly. “That all you want?”

“Shut up,” Billy hissed. “You don’t—”

“You—you want me to kiss you at school too?” Steve whispered, and Billy *shuddered*, breathing too fast, and trying to writhe loose in earnest. Steve kissed under his ear. “...want me to pull you around a corner sometimes and hold you there?” Steve whispered.

Billy could feel Steve’s face heating, and he snorted a laugh. “You’re not gonna do that shit, *your majesty*,” he said hoarsely, tensing when Steve squeezed him tighter.

“...but you want me to,” Steve said, sounding kind of...excited about it, like a total dork. “You—you’d *let* me, wouldn’t you. What if—what if I took you to a movie. Or—we could—we could get burgers, and park the car after—”

“Don’t tell me this shit,” Billy sighed, forcing himself limp. “Don’t fuck with me, Harrington.”

“No, listen,” Steve whispered, like he’d suddenly remembered Max and Susan were probably turning up their fans to drown them out. “I

want to, okay. I want to. Just—just say if *you* want to. Billy. You wanna be the hottie that sticks around for the dumb detective?”

Billy swallowed, clenching his eyes shut, and thought about Steve’s hands between him and the corners of the table in the hall, and Steve’s concerned face as he drew Billy after him to the garage, because his dad looked mad. Gentle. “...I want all that,” he whispered shakily, and Steve rolled half on *top* of him, kissing his whole face and head and giggling, until Billy shoved him off, grinning, so they could both breathe.

“...you can sleep at my place too,” Steve whispered, snickering for no reason, still. “We—we can just—we can stay together in your bed, or mine—I can go to school with you—”

“This is all a trick to get geometry tutoring, isn’t it,” Billy said, staring up at the ceiling, as Steve Harrington wrapped himself around him again, giggling.

“You’re onto me,” Steve whispered, sliding his hand down again to grip Billy’s cock. “I’ll even do homework to get in bed with you.”

“That’s not what I—” Billy hissed, but couldn’t help grinning as Steve kissed him, still laughing, until they couldn’t breathe for snickering.

Notes for the Chapter:

Suicidal ideation, contemplation of self-harm

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for wandering in! Lemme know if you liked my story--I lovelovelove hearing from people! Kudos! Short comments! Long comments! Questions! Constructive criticism! Comments as extra kudos! Thanks so, so much! XD (I try to reply to each one, but if you don't want a response to your comment then please say "No reply please" or "Whisper" so I'll know not to reply.)

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